THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poem.

MY LITTLE COUSIN ALICE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WILLIAM H. M'CALLA.

I've a pretty little cousin,
With a graceful form and light,
With her dark hair parted smoothly
O'er a forehead fair and white;
And her eyes are blue and tender,
And her face so bright and fair,
That each lineament says plainly
A happy heart is there.

Her voice is low and gentle,
And her laugh is full of joy,
For it gushes from a fountain
Where grief forms no alloy;
She is modest in her manners—
From a stranger she will fly,
And pausing at a distance,
Gaze back with downcast eye.

She dwells 'mid nature's beauties,
Where the hill and valley lie,
And the forest and the streamlet,
Stretch out before her eye;
Where no rows of dingy houses
Exclude the sun's glad rays,
But on the Heaven's vast expanse,
In freedom she can gaze.

When the dew o'er hill and meadow,
On each plant and flower lies,
And flashes in the morning's sun
Like happy maiden's eyes,
When the joyous birds are singing,
And the air is fresh and cool,
Then Alice with her book in hand,
Trips gaily off to school.

Thus may her path through life
Be ever strewed with flowers,
And the years glide lightly o'er her,
As the swiftly passing hours.
May her spirit, when 'tis ended,
Fly to brighter realms above,
Where there's bliss and glory blended
With a blest Redeemer's love.

Original Tales.

HARRY R------;

Or, Flogging in the Navy.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY A YOUNG SAILOR.

The morning of July the Fourth, 18—, opened beautifully. The bright sun rose majestically from his ocean bed, smiling through a clear horizon, as the vast clouds of vapor rose up from the bosom of the deep, and rolled away toward the land. Our floating fabric spread her lofty wings to the influence of a steady quartering breeze, and flew swiftly upon her trackless course, while the happy seamen, even in the performance of their customary morning duties seemed proud of the day that gave their country birth. As the bell tolled eight, the regular allowance of grog was served, and breakfast quickly discussed; when the boatswain's hoarse cry of "All hands clean yourselves for muster," brought two hundred of as gallant fellows as ever sailed under the stars and stripes, to their respective guns, ready for inspection. Our captain, accompanied by his officers, proceeded fore and aft the decks, scanning each man minutely as he passed by, and concluded the inspection by passing a handsome encomium upon our cleanly appearance. There can be no scene more pleasing to the eye, than two or three hundred young men standing at their separate guns, full of health and vigor, dressed in the naval costume. The highly polished tarpaulin sitting gracefully on the head; the snow white frock, with its blue collar turned neatly over the handsome, well-fitting jacket; trowsers, white and unspotted, fitting *tautly* and without wrinkle round the waist, and the shining shoe, give to them a handsome and gallant appearance. The day passed off as days of national rejoicing at sea generally do—with one exception.

Harry R———, during the day, had been the life of our happy ship's company; his manly voice rang merrily along the different decks, as he passed a witty remark or stopped to relate some laughable story to one or more of the numerous groups of men and boys scattered around the ship.

If a difficulty arose respecting the *modus operandi* of any of the various games in which they were engaged, Harry's decision settled it. Was an old grudge, supposed to have been long since buried in oblivion, agitated afresh, his mild arguments, interspersed with that ever ready wit for which he was so remarkable, brought matters to an amicable conclusion; and while thus engaged, disseminating peace and good will among the crew, and adding fresh fuel to their merriment, he was the happiest of the happy.

Tall, athletic, and possessing that species of refined manly beauty, so seldom seen in the common walks of life, with a mind well stored with general knowledge, and a heart as open and free as the breeze that played around his brow, he had unconsciously gained the good will of all the seamen, though I could perceive an equal portion of envy and dislike display itself among the officers, which was aggravated by his off-handed and fearless, though always respectful manner. Although he stood number one among the crew, and was the first man at his duty aloft in times of peril, he had often been ordered by the officers to perform various parts of the menial duty belonging exclusively to landsmen, in the hope of breaking his proud spirit, or drawing from him a remonstrance whereby they might be enabled to prefer a charge of insolence against him. But no complaint escaped his lips, although at such times his proud heart would swell to bursting, whilst his heaving bosom indicated how sensitively he felt the unmanly treatment. A better time than the present for bringing their machinations into full play, could not have offered.

As the evening shades were closing round the festive day, the officer of the deck issued his mandate for restoring the customary order of the ship. Poor Harry, not quitting the play in which he was engaged on the instant, was selected from the many alike guilty, and ordered aft; when, in a tone of unusual severity, he was asked "Why he had not obeyed the order?" Touching his hat, he replied, "I did not think, sir, that a moment of time, particularly on such a day as this, a day at which every American rejoices, would have been deemed of such vital importance." "Silence, sir," shouted the gratified officer. "Master at arms, put this fellow in double irons! and, do you hear there? should he make the least noise, gag him!"

A written report charging him with insolence to his superior, was placed upon the captain's table early the following morning, and as two bells (nine o'clock) were struck, our beloved shipmate stood at the main-mast, with manacled hands and feet, a monument of petty tyranny.

The ship's company were piped around the gang way, as is usual in cases of punishment—the charge was read, and Harry R——— was sentenced to trial by a court martial, upon the return of the ship to the United States. Within the narrow limits of four feet by three, the prisoner pined from week to week and from month to month, vainly panting for a small portion of that liberty, limited as it was, enjoyed by his shipmates. The burning rays of an African sun, causing an almost suffocating heat to pervade his place of confinement, and the irons with which his hands and feet were pinioned, now becoming much lacerated, causing him to writhe with agony upon the slightest motion of his body, were making fast inroads upon his iron constitution. Two months had scarcely elapsed, ere he was but the shadow of himself; the manacles dropped from his lessened wrists and ankles, while his tottering steps and sickly smile, strongly indicated that dissolution was not far distant; and many a tear coursed its way down the bronzed and furrowed cheeks of his fellow sailors to see him thus wasting rapidly away. Smaller irons were substituted, and pale, haggard and emaciated as the prisoner had become, the sentry's measured tread was still heard in front of his little prison, who, cutlass in hand, prohibited all communication with his charge, and examined each morsel sent him by the mess to which he belonged, before being passed in. The surgeon at length being notified that Harry had expressed a desire to see him, did all in his power to allay the poor fellow's sufferings. The sentry received orders to smooth his mattress and blankets prior to "turning in;" bandages were placed between his torn flesh and the hand and feet irons, and such things as the doctor thought palatable, he was presented with.

Time flew, our ship had left the sickly and burning coast of Africa, bound for Columbia's healthy and beautiful shores; a large number of our gallant tars lay stretched on beds of sickness with the coast fever and scurvy, and Harry, having now passed three months and five days of the prime of his youth, manacled and solitary, was daily becoming more and more feeble. Three months of the year had rolled away, and October's howling blasts had overtaken us; driving our good ship fiercely through the angry waves in the direction of "sweet home." Sunday came, a day hallowed by all the civilized nations of the earth, and ere the sound of the bell announcing the expiration of the breakfast hour, had ceased, the shrill whistle of our boatswain, followed by his hoarse cry of "All hands witness punishment," was heard by the sorrowing crew. The order had scarcely ceased reverberating along the decks, before the prisoner, clean dressed for the occasion and freed from his shackles, was placed, pale and care-worn, in the gangway. Many were the words of consolation and advice he received whilst passing up the ladder leading to the spar-deck, despite the interposition of the sentry in attendance. "Never mind, my dear fellow! 't will soon be over; don't gratify them by a look or an action, indicative of pain," and expressions of a similar character issued from the lips of many a generous hearted and sympathizing tar that morning, whilst the pearly tear that glistened in each manly eye, gave proof of their deep rooted affection for the sufferer. Proud in his bearing; his eyes directed toward the officers, and flashing with unnatural fire, the prisoner listened calmly and attentively to the reading of the charge; which ended, the Captain stated his intention of acting at his own discretion with regard to the punishment, and not awaiting the decision of a Court Martial. Not a word durst the poor sufferer utter in defence. "Thus reads the charge; an officer cannot lie."

At the words, "Strip, sir!" an involuntary shudder passed over his attenuated frame; it lasted, however, but for a moment, and Harry was himself again. Divesting himself of jacket and shirt, he proceeded with a firm step to and placed himself upon "the gratings," to which his feet were firmly lashed, and upon his wrists being properly secured to the hammock nettings, the athletic boatswain's mate, with brawny arm bared to the shoulder, applied the bloody "cats" to the naked back of this much abused young seaman, while his tormentors looked upon the disgraceful scene apparently pleased with their success in having broken a spirit as noble and undaunted as ever glowed in the breast of man. During the ignominious punishment no muscle moved, save a slight involuntary creeping of the flesh upon the application of the first lash, to denote the outward torture. No exclamation passed his lips, to evidence the breaking of a generous heart; but with Spartan courage, immoveable as a statue, he passed through the bloody ordeal. Lacerated and bleeding, our dejected shipmate was cast adrift, but he was an altered man. The sunken eye that so lately beamed contentment, and the unmeaning stare when addressed, but too plainly indicated the speedy annihilation of his once brilliant mind, whilst his faltering step and haggard countenance gave evident signs of rapid bodily decline. Six weeks prior to the termination of his shipment a discharge was obtained, and he proceeded to his native city of Philadelphia, where the once gay, generous, and noble hearted Harry R——— is daily recognized by his former associates, wending his way with downcast look along its numerous thoroughfares, a confirmed but harmless maniac.

Original Song.

THE INDIAN LOVER'S SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

We shall meet by the Mohawk to-night, love, to-night,
When the bright waves are gleaming with silvery light;
When the soft breeze is stealing the bright leaves among,
And echo restores the sweet mocking bird's song;
When the night flowers have turned their bright gaze to each star,
And the voice of the streamlet is heard from afar;
When the spray of the fountain hath waked with delight,
We shall meet by the Mohawk to-night, love, to-night.

I will tell thee, sweet maiden! wild tales of the past,
When the scalp locks to flaunt on the wild breeze were cast,
When the war whoop's dread breathings o'er mountain and vale,
Bid the foeman's heart quiver, his cheek to grow pale,
Where each arrow that sped on the war spirit's breath,
Around and beneath it spread havoc and death;
When the tomahawk waved o'er the gloom of the hour,
And the dying and dead proved the might of its power.

But, oh! shouldst thou shudder, sweet maiden! to hear
The breathings of battle—the wild tales of fear—
I will whisper while o'er us the spirit light gleams,
All the bliss that breaks over my love lighted dreams,
When the pure star of night looking down from on high
Meets nought that can rival its light save thine eye,
Or I'll sing thee sweet lays while the wavelets glance bright,
When we meet by the Mohawk to-night, love, to-night.

A Railroad Story.

THE SPECIAL EXPRESS;

Or, Nightmare on the Rails.

"Is my special engine ready?"

"In a moment, sir; the engine-man will be here directly. What speed do you wish?"

"At least a mile a minute."

"Very good, sir; the line is perfectly clear, and with only one light carriage it can be easily done."

"I shall not want even that; I have all my despatches ready in my pocket, and shall go upon the engine."

"You will hardly have eyes left in your head if you do, sir. Better have a first-class carriage put to."

"Never fear; I am tolerably accustomed to that sort of thing. Never blink an eye in the longest of your tunnels."

"Very well, sir; you know best. 'Tis your train, and of course you may either ride on the engine or in a carriage, as you please."

"The engine, then; and pray be smart: every moment spent here is lost."

I stood during the foregoing conversation upon the platform of an extensive railway station in a large town in the north of England. My interlocutor was the resident superintendent. I was the bearer of despatches of great importance for a London morning newspaper, and somewhat more than three hours was the utmost space of time I could afford to shoot over the two hundred miles of rail which separated me from the office in the Strand.

It was a pleasant summer evening, and the rich radiance of the setting sun streamed through the skylights of the huge iron roof, and sparkled among the web of interlaced bars and bolts which stretched, in vistas of angles and lozenges, and all manner of mathematical figures beneath it—the metallic rafters of the terminus. On the half-dozen rails which divided the two platforms lay, as usual, long strings of first and second class carriages, in the process of being furbished up by a lazy gang of corduroy clad porters. On the left line of rails stood my special engine, bright and brazen, and shrieking as it shot its spiral column of rushing, whistling steam upwards from the brass cone, which appeared to act as chimney for the fierce vapor.

Some half-dozen porters, policemen, and newsvenders, stood carelessly about to see the start; and the stoker of the "special," a greasy-looking mass of soiled fustian, with a wonderfully dirty face and bleared eyes, clambered mechanically about the engine, after the manner of his tribe, listlessly rubbing the gleaming metal with a handful of oily rags.

I was growing fidgety and impatient. Throwing a glance upwards, I saw that the sun no longer lighted the high windows—the station was fast assuming the dusky grey of the evening.

"What can be the matter with Westhorpe?" exclaimed the superintendent. "He don't stay long here if that's the way he does his duty."

"I have sent two porters after him," said a policeman; "he reported himself fit for the duty this morning."

"What? He has been ill?" said I.

"He's ne'er the same man, sir, since Mary Slane died so suddenly," replied the policeman.

"Oh, bother! we can't allow love-sick engine-drivers on this line," struck in the superintendent.

"But why don't you let me have another man if this Mr. Westhorpe of yours is not fit for his work? You have plenty of hands, I suppose?"

"Why yes, sir; but the fact is, that our men have been a good deal worked lately, and as Westhorpe sent word this morning that he was ready to come back to duty, we made our arrangements accordingly."

"Seven o'clock past," I replied, glancing at the station dial; "if you do not start me in five minutes I countermand the engine, and will have my own remedy by law."

But before the five minutes were elapsed, the tardy engine man made his appearance. He was muffled up in a shaggy pea jacket, a handkerchief was wound round the lower part of his face, and the brass-bound front of his cap was pulled down over his forehead, but I could observe the bright hollow glare of his eyes and the clammy pallor of his cheeks. Attributing these appearances, however, to mere passing indisposition, I took no particular notice of them; nor did I remark with any attention, although it was visible enough, the restless, nervous state in which the man appeared to be: his hand trembled, he glanced quickly round from face to face, and then began, in an odd, fidgety manner, to button and unbutton a button in his jacket. These appearances might have alarmed me at another time, but I was too eager for the start to attend to them.

"I say, Westhorpe," exclaimed the superintendent, "if this is the way you choose to treat your employers, I can tell you that you shan't long be one of their employed, my fine fellow."

The engine-man muttered something, I know not what, and mechanically got upon the engine.

"You shun the three-o'clock train at Bramsby station—do you hear, Westhorpe?—and the one-o'clock goods-train at Thornley Cross: they will wait for you in the sidings. And, I say, mind you keep a smart look out; don't spare the whistle; and go easy through the stations."

"Oh, I'll look after all that," I exclaimed, nodding to the superintendent as I clambered upon the engine. "You know I'm an old railway bird. Good night. We shan't let the grass grow under our wheels. Come now, Mr. Westhorpe, go ahead, and let's have a taste of the quality of the 'Tartarus.'"

The engine-man touched his cap, pulled one lever down, thrust another back, the driving wheel stirred, slid violently round a dozen of times without advancing, and then "biting," according to the technical expression, we moved along the platform, the superintendent following us and reiterating instructions to the driver.

The loud, panting "chee—chee—chee" of the engine rapidly grew quicker, and we rolled along the outskirts of the station—by policemen with bundles of red and white flags, and porters leaning upon switch handles; and, with trivial jolts from one interlacing line of rails to another, grazing long, motionless lines of massive first class carriages, and arrays of coarse trucks; and by the opening of sheds, from whence the livid gleams of furnaces and the ring of hammering, gleamed and rattled; and by hissing shrieking pilot engines, now motionless, the hot cinders dropping all glowingly beneath them, anon crawling backwards and forwards as engines at railway stations always do, as if they had something on their minds and could not rest peaceably. And then came the loud, tearing rush, with which we flew under bridges; the whistle and the dismal shriek, and the smothering blast of steam and damp-rushing air as we tore through a short tunnel, and soon we were fairly upon our way in the open country, the lights and high chimneys of the great manufacturing town sparkling and towering behind, and before us the fields, stretching away on either side from the long line of rails, and just losing their distinctness in the rising evening mist.

"On, Mr. Westhorpe! crack on! A good supper, and a better bottle of wine for you, when we get to town!"

"Thank ye, sir!" said the man, but without looking into my face; and then turning away, he began to grope for something in the matting on which he stood, muttering all the while to himself. There was something odd, indescribable in the man's manner; and I observed that the stoker looked at him with evident uneasiness, and addressed him not a word.

All this while the speed of the engine was rapidly increasing. The clattering of the opening and shutting valves, as they alternately let on and cut off the steam, grew faster and faster, till they rattled like the continuous roll of a drum. The hedges by the wayside flew by in a long, dusky line, which might have been shrubs, or stone wall, or wooden pailings. The swaying motion of the engine grew to be a quick, swinging jolt. The white poles which supported the wires of the electric telegraph flew by as though defiling in rapid procession; bridges loomed a moment before us like dark stripes cutting the sky, and then, with a steam shriek and a bound, were left behind. On!—along high embankments—down with a sweep between deep cuttings—past stations, with their neat waiting-rooms, and high signal poles, and railed platforms! On, on! Milestone after milestone flew by. The steam monster seemed instinct with life. It bounded like a mad thing on the rails; the couplings of the tender creaked and strained; the glare from the furnace and the lighter gleam from our big, eye-like lamp, flew like flashes of aurora borealis along the green slopes of cuttings; the red-hot cinders from the chimney went sparkling aloft into the air; and although not a breath of wind was stirring, a hurricane, cold and piercing, such as the eye could hardly withstand, appeared to be tearing by us back into the lonesome night.

So far all was well. We were going at a great but not unprecedented speed, and I was too well acquainted with railway travelling to feel nervous. I knew the line was clear, and the night was quite bright enough for us to perceive any signal half a mile off.

Meanwhile, Westhorpe stood fidgeting away with the engine, urging backwards and forwards the handles of the levers as they worked with the mechanism, as though he would increase their speed. He was never still for a moment, and kept continually stamping and shuffling with his feet. The stoker leant against the rails, clutching them, as it struck me, in an alarmed, anxious manner. I could observe all this by the light of a very large and brilliant lamp, which hung on a hook close to the gauge which tells the height of the water in the boiler.

On, on, on!—mile after mile and station after station! On by dark clumps of trees—and past the lights of villages and solitary farm-houses—and across long, dim expanses of wild, open country! We might be already from twenty-five to thirty miles on our journey.

"Tartarus goes bravely," said I, making an effort to speak, and shouting the words into Westhorpe's ear.

The stoker came up close to us, and listened for the reply.

The engine-driver looked quickly from one to the other of us, his eye glared like a wild beast's, and then he suddenly exclaimed to his fellow laborer,

"Coke, Jeffries, coke! More steam, more steam! the gentleman must have more steam! Never mind life!—steam—steam!"

I was startled by this burst, so was Jeffries, as I found the stoker was called. He hesitated.

"Coke—coke!" shouted Westhorpe. "By the heaven above us there, do your duty, or over you go on the rails!"

The man still lingered with the spade in his hand. Westhorpe kicked open the furnace-door. I heard the roar of the fierce fire above the howl of what appeared to be the tornado we were stemming.

I interposed.

"I think we're getting over the ground very well," I faltered.

Jeffries made a motion, as much as to say, "There, you see!"

"You don't want to go quicker?" said Westhorpe, speaking low and very fast.

I shook my head.

"Well, I do!" roared the excited man. "Coke, Jeffries, coke!"

And he struck the stoker a violent blow with his clenched fist. For a moment I stood stupified. I would have given all the world to be left safe and sound on the dreariest spot of the dreary common we were passing. Jeffries, without a word, took up the spade, and threw the black masses into the fire, which crackled and roared again. By its glare, as he stooped, I saw that, under its mask of smut, his face was deadly pale.

And still on, on! The engine appeared to fly. The quarter mile-stones seemed to shoot by as quickly as did the telegraph-poles a quarter of an hour ago, and the sway was terrific.

"Music!" shouted Westhorpe, "music! We'll have music! Here's my boiling-water organ!"

And as he spoke, he set on the steam-whistle: its scream went through and through my brain. The stoker looked at me. I saw he was trying to catch my eye, and the expression of his face was one of consternation and horror. All at once the horrible whistle ceased.

"It might give warning," Westhorpe muttered; "and besides, it's wasting the steam."

I shuddered. Suddenly the driver turned from the engine, and stepping to the tender, gazed long and anxiously back. Jeffries took advantage of the motion, and clutched me by the arm.

"Hush!" he said, breathlessly.

"What is the matter with the man?" I said.

"Hush! He is mad. I thought so these two days."

Mad! I felt the cold sweat break out at every pore. A mile a minute with a mad driver! My flesh crept, and I got sick and faint.

"We must master him between us," gasped Jeffries.

"We can," I said; "it is our only chance. Come on!"

The words were hardly uttered ere Westhorpe sprung—bounded round.

"I heard you!" he shouted; "I did! Treachery, treachery!—two to one! But, come, come, come!"

There was a moment's pause: not one of the three stirred. Then I saw Jeffries' hand gliding towards a heavy hammer which lay close to him. The maniac, for such he was, glared from one to the other of us. I could not fix his eye, but I felt that he watched my every movement. I gasped for breath. Jeffries' hand was close to the hammer, when, with a yell which rung high into the air amid the thunder of our onward pace, Westhorpe flung himself upon the stoker. He had observed his manœuvre to gain possession of the hammer.

"You would, would you?" the madman growled out between his clenched teeth,—"then take it!" He flung his arms around the wretched man, who clutched convulsively at any object within his grasp.

"Save me!" he screamed; "save me, for dear God's sake!"

But I was paralysed. With one superhuman effort Westhorpe tore the wretch from his crouching position, and with limbs which appeared to work and swell with iron muscles, tossed the strong man like a child in his arms, and shouted a maniac yelling laugh.

"Help! help!" screamed Jeffries; "oh! oh! my wife at home!"

These were his last words.

"Then go home to her!" shrieked Westhorpe; and, with another demoniac laugh, he heaved the struggling victim high into the air, and I heard the dull, dead, plashy dint with which he was dashed to pieces on the stony ground.

Westhorpe turned suddenly round. "Mad!" he shouted, at the full pitch of his voice—"mad!—I believe you!—I am!—I am! mad! mad! mad!" He clenched my collar, and drew me to him—I was a mere child in his arms.

"Mad!" he repeated,—"yes!—I tried long to keep it down!—oh, I fought with it!—wrestled with it! And I said to myself, No, I am not mad, when I knew I was! Mad!—I believe you!—I am mad!—I feel it now!—I know the pleasure of it! God! who would be sane—ha! ha! ha!—if he knew what a life a madman's is!"

He unloosed his grasp of me, and I shrunk into a corner of the space before the boiler, almost unable to articulate. The paroxysm appeared to pass away for the moment, and he stood muttering. Then catching up the spade, he set himself to trim the fires anew. A thrill of horror again passed through me; we were going at a pace to which all others that I had ever travelled were child's play. I tried to compose myself to my fate. If the engine did not leap off the rails, it was evident that, sooner or later, we must arrive at the obstruction which would, as with one mighty blow, smite us into dust for ever.

Again he turned round to me, and, drawing me towards him, looked into my face. The madman had the mastery. Supporting himself by a side rail, he gazed at me. Oh, that lustrous, blood-hot eye!—that ghastly, working, twitching visage! At length he spoke, slowly, nay, calmly,—

"We are now going faster than ever mortal man travelled since the world was a world."

He paused, and the frightful swaying of the engine, and the lightning-like play of the rattling mechanism, fearfully attested his words.

"How fast do you think we are going?" inquired the maniac, still speaking with the greatest apparent calm.

"Not much under a hundred miles an hour," I gasped.

"Full that," he replied. "Now tell me, do you think spirits can fly as fast?"

Never shall I forget the sepulchral tone in which the question was put. He paused, but without, however, appearing to wait for an answer, and looked wistfully at the furnace door, its dimensions marked by four lines of red light.

I imagined that in his present mood I could soothe him down, and regain that moral mastery over him which the sane, by coolness and self possession, so frequently acquire over the victims of mental disease. Cheered by this gleam of hope, I looked him steadily in the face, and began to speak in mild, coaxing accents.—

"Do you think we need trouble ourselves to keep the engine at such speed?"

"I fear we must," he said, sadly; "there would be danger in a mile an hour less."

I paused, completely puzzled. What were the train of ideas passing in the madman's brain?

"You have been ill?" I continued, in the same coaxing, fondling tone.

"No—yes, yes—oh, very, very ill," Westhorpe spoke with apparent langor and difficulty.

"Particularly within the last three days?" I resumed.

He started back, and exclaimed fiercely, "Ill—no, not ill—drunk!"

"Drunk!" I echoed, mechanically; a flash of light crossed me—the man was suffering under *delirium tremens*.

"Yes, drunk!" he shouted, with all his former wildness. "Drunk! yes!—I've been drunk since her death; I shall be till my own! Drunk or mad—there's little difference! I tell you I must drink—it lays her—it keeps her off from me! She haunts me—she persecutes me, and I must have drink!—drink!"

He darted back, struck his forehead with his clenched fists, and then suddenly producing a small, empty phial, he turned away his head, and in a half-smothered voice said, "Read the label."

I did.

"Prussic Acid—Poison."

He sprung round as though he had been shot.

"I didn't give it to her!—I didn't—she took it of her own accord! Before God she did!—but she took it because I said she should never be my wife. I am her murderer!—her murderer, though I didn't give the poison! I murdered the only woman I ever loved—I did! God help me! Oh, Mary—Mary Slane!—but you're revenged! You have never left me since!—you hung over my bed at night—you walked at my side in God's sunlight in the streets—you sat with your clammy hand in mine in the theatre—you looked in my face over the glass as I drank burning spirits—you rode with me on the engine! I have seen you everywhere—everywhere! Ah! ah! I see you now!—you are following us!—following us through the night!—but you shan't catch us!—you shan't!—you shan't!"

And the maniac started up, and with a howl like a wild beast urged on the levers, and, actually screaming with terror, tugged and strained at any portion of the rattling machinery he could reach, as though to increase its speed.

I shrunk down—why should I not confess it?—perfectly cowed. At that moment we flew into a tunnel. The glare of the lantern and the half-opened furnace flickered on the vaulted roof as we traversed the dismal passage, amid what appeared a squall of hot, damp air, and shewed Westhorpe, his limbs twitching and every feature convulsed with terror, clinging to and struggling on the engine.

A moment, and we were again beneath the open night.

The paroxysm appeared to have passed away for the moment, and the maniac again turned to me.

"You saw her face, eh? wasn't it ghastly? It was just so she looked out of her coffin—just!"

I said a couple of words, I know not what.

"I'll shew her something," muttered the madman, after a pause. "I think she'll like to see it."

Another pause.

"Open this," he said at length, and I received a carefully tied brown-paper parcel from his hand. He turned away when he had given it, as though unable to watch the opening. "Untie it," he said, with his back to me.

I did so. The first envelope was one of brown paper; under it was another of somewhat more delicate texture; then came wrapper after wrapper until I thought as I undid them with a trembling hand, that the whole packet would prove a mere bundle of waste-paper. I was deceived, however. I came at length to a carefully folded envelope of silk paper. I tore it open, sheltering it from the rush of air, and, to my utter amazement, found its contents to be—a half dozen withered blades of grass! An involuntary exclamation escaped me.

"Have—you—done it?" muttered Westhorpe, gnashing the very words between his teeth.

"Grass!" I exclaimed; "here's nothing but grass!"

He bounded round, clutched the withered herbage in his hand, and holding it aloft in the air, shouted,—

"See, Mary Slane, see! Grass from your grave, Mary! Grass pulled by your murderer, Mary! Oh, God! night after night have I passed upon the sod that covered you, and whenever I left it I carried the grass against my heart! Oh, Mary, Mary! mercy—pity! Oh, I loved you! indeed—indeed, Mary, I did! I would have been a good husband, Mary; indeed, indeed I would! but it was not to be—my lost, lost Mary!"

He paused; the moon at the moment burst from behind a silvery cloud, and shone gloriously down upon us, upon the dusky country side, the speeding, gleaming, roaring machine, and the distorted face and foaming lips of the engine-driver.

As he paused he appeared to listen. I watched him narrowly. The expression of his face changed, he clasped his hands, raised them; and the countenance which a moment ago was harrowed and convulsed by mad terror, its every muscle racked and riven gradually relaxed; a smile stole round the mouth—you could see it beneath the froth which still oozed from the lips; and then every feature became instinct and dilated with a yearning, grateful joy.

"I forgive you! Oh—oh, Mary, Mary, say those words again! God bless you, Mary! your face is like an angel's now! Do, do say them again,—I forgive you!"

He listened, and, Heaven help me! I listened too, for the spirit's voice. I heard but the roaring of our iron race. Not so Westhorpe; his face gleamed, and his eye again sparkled.

"God's thanks, Mary! God's thanks, I am pardoned!" and then covering his face with his hands, he burst into a wild fit of weeping, and in a moment sunk down, a shaking, quivering mass, upon the engine floor.

Now was my time—now or never. I looked forth. Ahead of us sparkled the lights of D———. They were miles—many miles away; but minutes at our present pace would shoot us in splinters through the walls of the station. Westhorpe lay sobbing hysterically; I had enough of acquaintance with the locomotive to know the mechanical process of shutting off the steam, and, grasping the handle of the lever, I turned the tide of the fierce vapor from the mechanism.

The wheels had not spun round a single turn when Westhorpe, as if by instinct, sprung up, and with a roar of hoarse fury, dragged me from the machinery. One of his huge hands was clutched round my throat—I writhed under the workings of its great iron muscles—while with the other he wrenched the lever, and I *felt* the steam set on again. I groaned faintly. He relaxed his hold of my neck, and grasping me by both shoulders, drew me to him. I made one effort—one struggle. Twining my leg round his, by a sudden wrench I succeeded in flinging him backwards with a heavy crash, partly upon the engine floor, partly upon a box destined to contain grease, tools, and other useful implements in case of accidents. The advantage was but for a moment; I felt his strength rising beneath my weight like a Titan's. With one bound he was on his feet, grasping me, a struggling mass, in his arms.

"There, go after Jeffries!" he roared.

My muscles involuntarily contracted, I seemed to shrink into a ball, as I felt by the winding up, as it were, of the muscular power of his arms, that he was almost in the act of flinging me down the high embankment we were then shooting across. All at once he screamed out,—

"D———! D———! there's the lights of D———! the station-lights—the green signal to stop! Stop!—ha—ha—ha!—stop! D———the station, we'll go through it! Through—through walls, houses, streets! Stop!—ha—ha—ha!"

I held my breath, I was still grasped in his arms. My head spun round and round, blue and yellow flashes appeared almost to illumine my brain; the quarter-milestones seemed tumbling past, one on the top of the other; the sway of the engine increased; it rocked, and bounded, and roared down the incline leading to the station. I saw gleaming past the lights in the baggage and engine-sheds. I heard the exulting scream of the maniac, mingled with shouts, and whistles, and the ringing of bells, which seemed to rise on every side. I saw the dusky lines of standing carriages. I saw the glitter of the brilliantly lighted station; I saw the flying groups upon the platform; I saw pillars, lamps, engines, one mass—one confused, gleaming, shooting mass! I gasped; then with a yell which seemed to transform all nature into that wild, ghastly, death-shriek, we—we dashed—on———

On nothing!

"Now, then, tickets, please! Gentlemen, get your tickets ready! D——— station, gentlemen! Ten minutes allowed for refreshment, gentlemen!"

I started up with a stammering cry.

"Holla! holla! what's the matter with you? You've been groaning and moaning in your sleep for the last half hour."

"Westhorpe! Westhorpe!" I gasped.

"The man's asleep still! What the deuce do you mean by Westhorpe? Rouse up, man, and let us have some stout and sandwiches!"

I sank back.

"It was a dream, then!" I muttered.

"Ay, a railway nightmare, my boy! Did not I warn you of that beefsteak pie at Leeds? But what was it all about? You were thinking of some of your exp essing work, were you not?"

"I was. Thank God it was but a dream: as you say, a Railway Nightmare!"

Pictures of Life.

DOMBEY AND SON.

BY CHARLES DICKENS, (BOZ.)

CHAPTER VI.

PAUL'S SECOND DEPRIVATION.

Polly was beset by so many misgivings in the morning, that but for the incessant promptings of her black eyed companion, she would have abandoned all thoughts of the expedition, and formally petitioned for leave to see number one hundred and forty-seven, under the awful shadow of Mr. Dombey's roof. But Susan, who was personally disposed in favor of the excursion, and who (like Tony Lumpkin,) if she could bear the disappointments of other people with tolerable fortitude, could not abide to disappoint herself, threw so many ingenious doubts in the way of this second thought, and stimulated the original intention with so many ingenious arguments, that almost as soon as Mr. Dombey's stately back was turned, and that gentleman was pursuing his daily road toward the city, his unconscious son was on his way to Stagg's Gardens.

This euphonious locality was situated in a suburb, known by the inhabitants of Stagg's Gardens by the name of Camberling Town; a designation which the Strangers' Map of London, as printed (with a view to pleasant and commodious reference) on pocket handkerchiefs, condenses, with some show of reason, into Camden Town. Hither the two nurses bent their steps, accompanied by their charges; Richards carrying Paul, of course, and Susan leading little Florence by the hand, and giving her such jerks and pokes, from time to time, as she considered it wholesome to administer.

The first shock of a great earthquake had, just at that period, rent the whole neighborhood to the centre. Traces of its course were visible on every side. Houses were knocked down; streets broken through and stopped; deep pits and trenches dug in the ground; enormous heaps of earth and clay thrown up; buildings that were undermined and shaking, propped by great beams of wood. Here, a chaos of carts, overthrown and jumbled together, lay topsy turvy at the bottom of a steep unnatural hill; there confused treasures of iron soaked and rusted in something that had accidentally become a pond. Everywhere were bridges that led no where; thoroughfares that were wholly impassable; Babel towers of chimneys, wanting half their height; temporary wooden houses and enclosures, in the most unlikely situations; carcasses of ragged tenements, and fragments of unfinished walls and arches, and piles of scaffolding, and wildernesses of bricks, and giant forms of cranes, and tripods straddling above nothing. There were a hundred thousand shapes and substances of incompleteness, wildly mingled out of their places, upside down, burrowing in the earth, aspiring in the air, mouldering in the water, and unintelligible as any dream. Hot springs and fiery eruptions, the usual attendants upon earthquakes, lent their contributions of confusion to the scene. Boiling water hissed and heaved within dilapidated walls; whence, also, the glare and roar of flames came issuing forth; and mounds of ashes blocked up rights of way, and wholly changed the law and custom of the neighborhood.

In short, the yet unfinished and unopened Railroad was in progress; and, from the very core of all this dire disorder, trailed smoothly away, upon its mighty course of civilization and improvement.

But as yet the neighborhood was shy to own the Railroad. One or two bold speculators had projected streets; and one had built a little, but had stopped among the mud and ashes to consider farther of it. A bran-new tavern, redolent of fresh mortar and size, and fronting nothing at all, had taken for its sign The Railway Arms, but that might be rash enterprise—and then it hoped to sell drink to the workmen. So, the Excavator's House of Call had sprung up from a beer shop, and the old established ham and beef shop had become The Railway Eating House, with a roast leg of pork daily, through interested motives of a similar immediate and popular description. Lodging house keepers were favorable in like manner, and for the like reasons were not to be trusted. The general belief was very slow. There were frowsy fields, and cow-houses, and dung hills, and dust heaps, and ditches, and gardens, and summer houses, and carpet-beating grounds, at the very door of the railway. Little tumuli of oyster shells in the oyster season, and of lobster shells in the lobster season, and of broken crockery and faded cabbage leaves in all seasons, encroached upon its high places. Posts, and rails, and old cautions to trespassers, and backs of mean houses, and patches of wretched vegetation, stared it out of countenance. Nothing was the better for it, or thought of being so. If the miserable waste ground lying near it could have laughed, it would have laughed it to scorn, like many of the miserable neighbors.

Stagg's Gardens was uncommonly incredulous. It was a little row of houses with little squalid patches of ground before them, fenced off with old doors, barrel staves, scraps of tarpaulin, and dead bushes; with bottomless tin kettles and exhausted iron fenders, thrust into the gaps. Here the Stagg's Gardeners trained scarlet beans, kept fowls and rabbits, erected rotten summer houses, (one was an old boat,) dried clothes, and smoked pipes. Some were of opinion that Stagg's Gardens derived its name from a deceased capitalist, one Mr. Staggs, who had built it for his delectation. Others who had a natural taste for the country, held that it dated from those rural times when the antlered herd under the familiar denomination of Staggses, had resorted to its shady precincts. Be this as it may, Stagg's Gardens was regarded by its population as a sacred grove not to be withered by railroads; and so confident were they generally of its long outliving any such ridiculous inventions, that the master chimney-sweeper at the corner, who was understood to take the lead in the local politics of the Gardens, had publicly declared that on the occasion of the Railroad opening, if it ever did open, two of his boys should ascend the flues of his dwelling with instructions to hail the failure with derisive jeers from the chimney pots.

To this unhallowed spot, the very name of which had hitherto been carefully concealed from Mr. Dombey by his sister, was little Paul now borne by Fate and Richards.

"That's my house, Susan," said Polly, pointing it out.

"Is it, indeed, Mrs. Richards," said Susan, condescendingly.

"And there's my sister Jemima at the door, I do declare!" cried Polly, "with my own sweet, precious baby in her arms!"

The sight added such an extensive pair of wings to Polly's impatience, that she set off down the Gardens at a run, and bouncing on Jemima, changed babies in a twinkling; to the unutterable astonishment of that young damsel, on whom the heir of the Dombeys seemed to have fallen from the clouds.

"Why, Polly!" cried Jemima. "You! what a turn you *have* given me! who'd have thought it? come along in Polly! How well you do look to be sure! The children will go half wild to see you, Polly, that they will."

That they did, if one might judge from the noise they made, and the way in which they dashed at Polly and dragged her to a low chair in the chimney corner where her own honest apple face became immediately the centre of a bunch of smaller pippins, all laying their rosy cheeks close to it, and all evidently the growth of the same tree. As to Polly, she was full as noisy and vehement as the children; and it was not until she was quite out of breath, and her hair was hanging all about her flushed face, and her new christening attire was very much disheveled, that any pause took place in the confusion. Even then, the smallest Toodle but one remained in her lap, holding on tight with both arms round her neck; while the smallest Toodle but two mounted on the back of the chair, and made desperate efforts, with one leg in the air, to kiss her round the corner.

"Look! there's a pretty little lady come to see you," said Polly; "and see how quiet *she* is! what a beautiful little lady, ain't she?"

This reference to Florence, who had been standing by the door not unobservant of what passed, directed the attention of the younger branches toward her; and had likewise the happy effect of leading to the formal recognition of Miss Nipper, who was not quite free from a misgiving that she had been already slighted.

"Oh do come in and sit down a minute, Susan, please," said Polly. "This is my sister Jemima, this is. Jemima I don't know what I should ever do with myself, if it wasn't for Susan Nipper; I shouldn't be here now but for her."

"Oh do sit down, Miss Nipper, if you please," quoth Jemima.

Susan took the extreme corner of a chair, with a stately and ceremonious aspect.

"I never was so glad to see anybody in all my life; now really I never was, Miss Nipper," said Jemima.

Susan relaxing, took a little more of the chair, and smiled graciously.

"Do untie your bonnet-strings and make yourself at home, Miss Nipper, please," entreated Jemima. "I am afraid it's a poorer place than you're used to; but you'll make allowances, I'm sure."

The black-eyed was so softened by this deferential behaviour, that she caught up little Miss Toodle who was running past, and took her to Banbury Cross immediately.

"But where's my pretty boy?" said Polly. "My poor fellow? I came all this way to see him in his new clothes."

"Ah, what a pity!" cried Jemima. "He'll break his heart when he hears that his mother has been here. He's at school, Polly."

"Gone already?"

"Yes. He went for the first time yesterday, for fear he should lose any learning. But it's half-holiday, Polly; if you could only stop till he comes home—you and Miss Nipper, leastways," said Jemima, mindful in good time of the dignity of the black-eyed.

"And how does he look, Jemima? bless him!" faltered Polly.

"Well, really he don't look so bad as you'd suppose," returned Jemima.

"Ah!" said Polly, with emotion, "I knew his legs must be too short."

"His legs *is* short," returned Jemima, "especially behind; but they'll get longer, Polly, every day."

It was a slow, prospective kind of consolation; but the cheerfulness and good nature with which it was administered, gave it a value it did not intrinsically possess. After a moment's silence, Polly asked, in a more sprightly manner,

"And where's father, Jemima dear?"—for by that patriarchal appellation Mr. Toodle was generally known in the family.

"There again!" said Jemima. "What a pity! Father took his dinner with him this morning, and isn't coming home till night. But he's always talking of you, Polly, and telling the children about you; and is the peaceablest, patientest, best-temperedest soul in the world, as he always was and will be!"

"Thankee, Jemima," cried the simple Polly; delighted by the speech, and disappointed by the absence.

"Oh, you needn't thank me, Polly," said her sister, giving her a sounding kiss upon the cheek, and then dancing little Paul cheerfully. "I say the same of you sometimes, and think it too."

In spite of the double disappointment, it was impossible to regard in the light of a failure a visit which was greeted with such a reception; so the sisters talked hopefully about family matters, and about Biler, and about all his brothers and sisters; while the black-eyed, having performed several journeys to Banbury Cross and back, took sharp note of the furniture, the Dutch clock, the cupboard, the castle on the mantlepiece with red and green windows in it, susceptible of illumination by a candle-end within; and the pair of small black velvet kittens, each with a lady's reticule in its mouth; regarded by the Stagg's Gardeners as prodigies of imitative art. The conversation soon becoming general lest the black-eyed should go off at score and turn sarcastic, that young lady related to Jemima a summary of every thing she knew concerning Mr. Dombey, his prospects, family, pursuits, and character. Also an exact inventory of her personal wardrobe, and some account of her principal relations and friends. Having relieved her mind of these disclosures, she partook of shrimps and porter, and evinced a disposition to swear eternal friendship.

Little Florence herself was not behind-hand in improving the occasion; for, being conducted forth by the young Toodles to inspect some toadstools and other curiosities of the Gardens, she entered with them, heart and soul, on the formation of a temporary breakwater across a small green pool that had collected in a corner. She was still busily engaged in that labor when sought and found by Susan; who, such was her sense of duty, even under the humanizing influence of shrimps, delivered a moral address to her (punctuated with thumps) on her degenerate nature, while washing her face and hands; and predicted that she would bring the gray hairs of her family in general, with sorrow to the grave. After some delay, occasioned by a pretty long confidential interview above stairs on pecuniary subjects, between Polly and Jemima, an interchange of babies was again effected—for Polly had all this time retained her own child, and Jemima, little Paul, and the visitors took leave.

But first the young Toodles, victims of a pious fraud, were deluded into repairing in a body to a chandler's shop in the neighborhood, for the ostensible purpose of spending a penny; and when the coast was quite clear, Polly fled: Jemima calling after her that if they could only go round toward the City Road on their way back, they would be sure to meet little Biler coming from school.

"Do you think we might make time to go a little round in that direction, Susan?" inquired Polly, when they halted to take breath.

"Why not, Mrs. Richards?" returned Susan.

"It's getting on toward our dinner time you know," said Polly.

But lunch had rendered her companion more than indifferent to this grave consideration, so she allowed no weight to it, and they resolved to go "a little round."

Now, it happened that poor Biler's life had been, since yesterday morning, rendered weary by the costume of the Charitable Grinders. The youth of the streets could not endure it. No young vagabond could be brought to bear its contemplation for a moment, without throwing himself upon the unoffending wearer, and doing him a mischief. His social existence had been more like that of an early Christian than an innocent child of the nineteenth century. He had been stoned in the streets. He had been overthrown into gutters; bespattered with mud; violently flattened against posts. Entire strangers to his person had lifted his yellow cap off his head, and cast it to the winds. His legs had not only undergone verbal criticisms and revilings, but had been handled and pinched. That very morning he had received a perfectly unsolicited black eye on his way to the Grinders' establishment, and had been punished for it by the master: a superannuated old Grinder of savage disposition, who had been appointed schoolmaster because he didn't know any thing, and wasn't fit for any thing, and for whose cruel cane all chubby little boys had a perfect fascination.

Thus it fell out that Biler, on his way home, sought unfrequented paths; and slunk along by narrow passages and back streets, to avoid his tormentors. Being compelled to emerge into the main road, his ill fortune brought him at last where a small party of boys headed by a ferocious young butcher, were lying in wait for any means of pleasurable excitement that might happen. These, finding a Charitable Grinder in the midst of them—unaccountably delivered over, as it were, into their hands—set up a general yell and rushed upon him.

But it so fell out likewise, that, at that same time, Polly, looking hopelessly along the road before her, after a good hour's walk, had said it was of no use going any farther, when suddenly she saw this sight. She no sooner saw it than, uttering a hasty exclamation, and giving Master Dombey to the black-eyed, she started to the rescue of her unhappy little son.

Surprises, like misfortunes, rarely come alone. The astonished Susan Nipper and her two young charges, were rescued by the bystanders from under the very wheels of a passing carriage before they knew what had happened; and at that moment (it was market day) a thundering alarm of "Mad Bull!" was raised.

With a wild confusion before her, of people running up and down, and shouting, and wheels running over them, and boys fighting, and mad bulls coming up, and the nurse in the midst of all these dangers being torn to pieces, Florence screamed and ran. She ran till she was exhausted, urging Susan to do the same; and then stopping and wringing her hands as she remembered they had left the other nurse behind, found with a sensation of terror not to be described, that she was quite alone.

"Susan! Susan!" cried Florence, clapping her hands in the very ecstasy of her alarm. "Oh, where are they! where are they!"

"Where are they?" said an old woman, coming hobbling across as fast as she could from the opposite side of the way. "Why did you run away from 'em?"

"I was frightened," answered Florence. "I didn't know what I did. I thought they were with me. Where are they?"

The old woman took her by the wrist, and said "I'll show you."

She was a very ugly old woman, with red rims round her eyes, and a mouth that mumbled and chattered of itself when she was not speaking. She was miserably dressed, and carried some skins over her arm. She seemed to have followed Florence some little way at all events, for she had lost her breath; and this made her uglier still, as she stood trying to regain it; working her shrivelled yellow face and throat into all sorts of contortions.

Florence was afraid of her, and looked hesitating, up the street, of which she had almost reached the bottom. It was a solitary place—more a back road than a street—and there was no one in it but herself and the old woman.

"You needn't be frightened now," said the old woman, still holding her tight. "Come along with me."

"I—I don't know you. What's your name?" asked Florence.

"Mrs. Brown," said the old woman. "Good Mrs. Brown."

"Are they near here?" asked Florence, beginning to be led away.

"Susan an't far off," said Good Mrs. Brown; "and the others are close to her."

"Is anybody hurt?" cried Florence.

"Not a bit of it," said Good Mrs. Brown.

The child shed tears of delight on hearing this, and accompanied the old woman willingly; though she could not help glancing at her face as they went along—particularly at that industrious mouth—and wondering whether Bad Mrs. Brown, if there were such a person, was at all like her.

They had not gone very far, but had gone by some very uncomfortable places, such as brick-fields and tile-yards, when the old woman turned down a dirty lane where the mud lay in deep black ruts in the middle of the road. She stopped before a shabby little house, as closely shut as a house that was full of cracks and crevices could be. Opening

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1846.

TERMS.

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NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We would call the attention of our friends to the fact that this is the proper time to begin getting up Clubs and forwarding subscriptions for the new year. We intend to make the old Post surpass itself, if possible, the coming season, and would advise our cotemporaries to waken up, if they do not wish to be left behind altogether. Our terms are very low, in fact as low as it is possible to afford an original paper of the size and quality of the Post—of course if we chose to publish a second edition of some daily paper, logged together without taste or method or variety, and *call* it "a weekly," we could afford to do it cheaper. But we know our subscribers want the best kind of a paper, and we intend giving it to them. We trust, therefore, that our friends will go to work getting up clubs or sending on their individual subscriptions, as quickly as possible, in order that we may know at once how many more thousands we are to print during the coming year than the present.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of the following named persons who are in arrears for this paper.

Of S. E. Turner, formerly of Cape Girardeau, Missouri.
Of John or Jonathan Bowen, formerly of Dennis Creek, New Jersey.
Of Jas. J. Wilson, formerly of Richmond, Inda.
Of John H. Long, formerly of Harmony Landing, Ky.
Of Jas. R. Morrow, formerly of West Port, Ky.
Of Wm. B. Carter, formerly of Richmond, Va.
Of H. B. Jones, formerly of Brownsburg, Va.
Of John C. Yawger, formerly of Union Springs, N. Y.
Of Arthur Hodgson, formerly of New Covington, Pa.
Of Cicero M. Neilly, formerly of Charleston, Miss.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To Euphemia. If this is a "first effort," as the author says, it is a very good beginning—but we shall have to read it again before deciding ultimately upon its appearance or otherwise.

I Give Thee Up, is accepted. We wish, however, that None would "give up," also, the use of such words as "wailsome," "erst," "weened," &c., and use more common and simple ones in their place. It would save us the trouble of substituting them, when possible.

Winter, like everything our friend H. writes, has good things in it, but the subject is as cold and cheerless that we do not wonder he has not been able to infuse a great deal of warmth into it. Apart from jesting, such dry, abstract subjects as Winter, Spring, Autumn, &c., are rather difficult to write good poetry about.

The Infant at Laurel Hill. We are sorry to disappoint the author, but we really are afraid his lines would do him but little honor if published.

A Subscriber who writes to us from East Bradford, Chester County, receives our thanks for his candor as to what he does and what he does not like in the Post. But he must remember that it is our object to have something in our columns for each class of readers—and the identical features he does not like, are very probably those which some others most value our paper for. For instance, we received a letter the other day saying how extremely glad the writer was, that we had concluded to do the very thing that our friend in East Bradford most complains of. The only thing we can do therefore, is to see that the variety of our sheet is kept up, by not allowing any one department to encroach too much upon the others.

ANOTHER IMPOSTOR.

We understand that a scoundrel by the name of Comstock, is travelling through New Jersey soliciting subscriptions to the Post. We have an agent of the name of G. H. Comstock in the West, but James Pierce is our travelling agent for New Jersey. The names of our agents may always be found on the third page of the paper.

TRUE AND SHAM ARISTOCRACY.

The November number of Blackwood's Magazine contains a long and most vulgar and insulting satire upon literary men in general and Mr. Dickens in particular, from the pen of that rank old tory, Professor Wilson, otherwise called "Christopher North," which is calculated to do more injury to the aristocracy of England than a hundred well directed assaults of its enemies. It ridicules in the coarsest manner the idea that a man of genius, however distinguished, should be considered worthy to mingle on familiar terms with Lords and Ladies, and asks how such an one would feel when brought into the presence of those who, as Carlyle says, "have no other business in life than studying to go gracefully in May Fair?" We will quote a passage, in order that our readers may judge how long an aristocracy whose organ and mouthpiece talks in this fashion, is likely to live—for "whom the Gods wish to destroy, they first make mad."

"And pray, whom are you going to dance with? You confess to yourself, whilst working on those relentless and impracticable kids, that you do not know a single soul in the saloon except the man who brought you there, and he has speedily abandoned you. That staid, haughty looking lady with the diamonds is a Countess in her own right, and those two fair girls with the auburn ringlets are her daughters, the flower of the English nobility, and the name they bear is conspicuous in history to the Conquest. Had you not better walk up to the noble matron, announce yourself as the author of 'Silas Spavinhitch' and request an introduction to Lady Edith or Lady Maude? You would just as soon consent to swing yourself like Fra Diavolo on the slack-rope! And suppose that you were actually introduced to Lady Maude, how would you contrive to amuse her? With anecdotes of the green room, or the witticisms of medical students? Would you tell her funny stories about the loves of the bagmen, or revelations with a migratory giantess in the interior of a provincial caravan? Do you think that, with dulcet prattle of this sort, you could manage to efface the impression made long ago upon her virgin heart by that handsome young guardsman, who is now regarding you with a glance prophetic of a coming flagellation? Surely, you misguided creature, you are not going to expose yourself by dancing! Yes, you are! You once danced a polka with little Laura Wilkins on the boards at Astley's, and ever since that time you have been laboring under the delusion that you are a consummate Vestris. So you claw your shrinking partner round the waist, and set off, prancing like the pony that performs a pas-seul upon its hinder legs, and after bouncing against several couples in your rash and erratic career, you are arrested by the spur of a dragoon, which rips up your inexpressibles, lacerates your ankle, and stretches you on the broad of your back upon the floor, to the intense and unextinguishable delight of the assembled British aristocracy."

Our readers will please remember that the above vulgar piece of sarcasm is aimed at those who are the true nobility of the earth, by a toady to that sham nobility which is now fast running to seed. And who were the men that founded the English aristocracy? Just that class whom their degenerate descendants mock at and despise. They also were not famous for drawing room accomplishments—they had something else to do in their day, also, than to spend their lives in studying the most graceful attitudes for the dance, or the most courtly prattle with which to tickle a silly damsel's ear.

But let no one think that we would have the English men of genius to seek the company of their class aristocracy. Let them constitute an aristocracy of their own, and lead on the struggling masses of their countrymen to the full enjoyment of their rights. Let them laugh to scorn the sham aristocracy of the day, and ride it down in the fields of mind, armed with those mental weapons which are the only allowable weapons of the age, as Cromwell and his Ironsides rode down the ranks of Rupert and the King. Let them not pretend to rival the "nobility" in the ball room, or even at the hunting course. The true "nobleman" of this day has no time to make himself perfect beyond all competition, in such employments. Let him do that work which his hand finds to do with all his might, holding himself proudly aloof from those who, whatever the world may say, so far from being his superiors, are not even his equals; and not many years will pass away before that world itself, and a foolish, do-nothing, hereditary aristocracy to boot, shall acknowledge with open eyes who are *the true* nobility and governors of England.

COMPLIMENTS.

We occasionally publish the compliments we receive from our cotemporaries, not so much, of course, from a desire to vaunt our own merits, as to show a fitting respect to those who are pleased to say a good word upon occasions in our behalf. We find the following this week upon our table.

The Highland Messenger, of Asheville, N. C., says:—

"Among the very best literary papers on our exchange list, is the 'Saturday Evening Post,' published at Philadelphia, by Samuel D. Patterson & Co."

The Jefferson Democrat, published at Reading, Pa., says:—

"The 'Saturday Evening Post,' a family newspaper, published in Philadelphia, every Saturday, by Samuel D. Patterson & Co., No. 98 Chesnut street. *A better and more interesting paper there is not in this State.*"

The following is from the Northern Tribune published at Bath, Me.

"The Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.—We are glad to find this valuable journal on our exchange table. This mammoth sheet is a library of itself, and is filled with the choicest productions of the times; there is something in its columns adapted to every age and every pursuit. Literature, Morals, Agriculture and Commerce all find a place in its columns."

The Iris and Odd Fellows' Mirror, published in Baltimore, says:—

"The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia.—This old standard, and favorite family journal is one of the most welcome of our exchanges. We ever hail its arrival with delight; it always brings with it an assurance of hours of unqualified delight in perusing its well stored columns. It has stood the test some twenty years and still holds a front rank among the most popular literary papers of the day; *yielding the palm to none, in all the essentials which constitute a capital family newspaper.* Its literature is of the purest and most elevating character; its various departments are filled with matter evincive of the most skilful judgement, arrived at by long experience."

And our friend of the Lynn News, who always knows what he is talking about, says:—

"Saturday Evening Post.—This paper, published in Philadelphia, we regard *as one of the very best on our exchange list.* It is edited by Henry Peterson. We recommend it to all who wish a good family paper from abroad. If we wish to find a good story, we look first in the Evening Post. Its editorial columns are always filled with interesting matter; its course in relation to vicious publications deserves the approbation of the community; it is handsomely printed; it is free from everything which could be obnoxious to the taste of the most fastidious; and in every particular which characterizes a good family newspaper, it is worthy of the support of the public. We like to give a word of commendation to papers whose moral character is so much above that of many of the newspapers published; and one of the most worthy of all is the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post."

ANCIENT EGYPT.

The third lecture of Mr. Gliddon's, upon last Monday evening, was an eloquent and very interesting one. The principal subject considered was the curious practice of embalming the dead—a custom peculiar, we believe, to the Egyptians. This custom was not, as is generally imagined, the result of mere vanity or caprice, but had its origin in the peculiar conformation of the country, which rendered it impossible to properly bury their dead. It would not do to bury them in the alluvial deposits of the Nile, where they would be liable to be unearthed by the next overflow of the waters of that river; nor in the narrow range of sand which lay between that alluvial district and the mountains, for wild beasts would soon scratch up and devour the dead bodies. Mummification, as Mr. Gliddon terms it, was therefore resorted to in this difficulty. But for our part we much prefer of the two the ancient practice of burning, or, for that matter, would rather have been eaten up by wild beasts at once, than to be done into a mummy, and stored away to dry through all eternity.

A very singular fact was stated by Mr. Gliddon, which is even more marvellous than mummification. He says that the first settlers in Egypt were indebted for subsistence, clothing, and pretty much everything else, to two plants or trees, the Papyrus and the Lotus—but that now there is scarcely a single one of these trees to be found in the whole valley of the Nile. He had never seen, or heard of a person who had seen, a green Papyrus, and had never heard of more than one living Lotus. And yet the latter tree, especially, had been of such exceeding value to the early Egyptians, that they considered it holy.

Many other most curious and interesting facts were stated in the course of the lecture, as connected with the habits, &c. of the Ancient Egyptians; whose memory Mr. Gliddon appears to hold in high veneration. In fact so much absorbed does he seem to be sometimes in the illustration of the primeval ages, that he evidently considers it a great condescension even to allude to anything that has happened less than five thousand years ago.

POOR JOHN BULL.

A correspondent of Blackwood's Magazine, after speaking in the highest terms of the British newspaper press, says,—

"But what are we to say of the press of the United States of America, pandering (with some bright exceptions) to the vilest passions, the most depraved tastes of the most abandoned among the people?"

Any man not blinded with prejudice, would have seen that in the above he contradicts himself—for if all of the newspaper press of the United States, with a few bright exceptions, are adapted only to the tastes of "the most abandoned among the people," then it follows, either that the great majority of Americans have no papers at all, adapted to their reading, or else that "the most abandoned class in the country" constitute the great mass of the people—either of which conclusions is absurd. The truth is that the Englishman who wrote the above was merely giving vent to the parrot-talk of prejudice, and probably never had read one American newspaper in his life.

ADVICE TO AUTHORS.

A subscriber who congratulates us upon the stand we have recently taken relative to immoral works, sends us the following lines. He does not state whether they are selected or original—but they are equally good in either case.

The man who would our youth instruct
  By penning prose or rhyme,
And lure the heart from grov'ling things,
  To objects more sublime;
And teach the wayward ones of earth,
  Who into folly run,
The guile and loathsomeness of vice,
  And how its paths to shun;
Must choose a theme where virtue reigns
  In every solemn part,
With not a vicious character
  To lacerate the heart:—
For what we read and what we learn,
  When into life we start,
Becomes, before we leave the stage,
  Of us a kindred part.

THE ANODYNE COMPOUND.

Our readers will notice on our fourth page a singular account, proving that this remarkable discovery of Dr. Morton, a Boston physician, is no fiction. Two cases have occurred since the experiments there mentioned were made, in one of which an arm, and in the other a leg, were amputated after inhaling the gas, without the slightest pain being felt in either instance. Truly this is a most pleasant and wonderful discovery. In cases of capital punishment hereafter, we suggest that the use of the Anodyne Compound be allowed without restriction to the criminal. This would be "tempering justice with mercy" in a way that Shakspeare never dreamed of.

MR. ADAMS.

The Boston papers announce that the Hon. John Quincy Adams is rapidly recovering, so that there is a probability that he may be enabled to resume his seat in Congress before the New Year. We understand that Mr. Adams considers the retrocession of Alexandria to Virginia as unconstitutional, and therefore void.

THE MOTHER'S FAITH.

The difference between Ancient and Modern times is typified in nothing more significantly, than in the feelings manifested then and now at the birth of a child. We know that even now such an event is hailed with joy by those more particularly interested, with perhaps an exception in the case of the very poor, but there is not that overflowing sense of happiness upon such occasions, which we see displayed again and again in the earlier pages of the Bible. In the patriarchal ages, barrenness was looked upon as a curse, and even the glory of the maiden was counted shame in comparison with that of the mother. There is a singular illustration of this in the melancholy words of the daughter of Jephthah, when she learned of her father's fatal vow, too well known perhaps, to need repeating. It is probable that as the world has grown older and population become dense, the means of living are more difficult to be procured than in those early ages, and therefore, perhaps, the natural joy of parents is to a degree saddened by the thought that life is a hard struggle at the best; and the remembrance of what they themselves have passed through, hangs like an anchor upon their joy, and will not let it rise with the thankfulness of the patriarchal era to the great Giver in Heaven. That such should be the case—and thousands, especially of the poor, will confess it to be so—argues that our present civilization is defective somewhere; for, surely, if things were as they should be, the birth of a child, that most valuable gift of God would be an occasion of unalloyed thanksgiving and praise.

But the above thoughts were suggested by the following homely but touching verses, from the pen of the gifted editor of the Boston Chronotype.

Cried a pale one. Give me joy,
I have borne a cherub boy.

Borne a boy! The world is full,
Crammed its game of push and pull;
You have given that cherub life
For a gauntlet race of strife.
If his heart be large and tender,
Sadly will his means be slender;
Everlasting duns will push him,
Poverty will cramp and crush him.
If his heart be small and stony,
It will canker with his money,
Rust will gnaw it through and through,
Care will vex it black and blue;
And the wretch. Oh hapless mother,
In his wealth will starve and smother!

Cried the mother, God is living,
Blest the boon is of His giving;
I will trust Him that the boy
Living shall be full of joy.
Truth and justice—self denial—
Shall prepare him for the trial
Into which he must be hurled,
Of a scoffing, brutal world.
Watch will I his opening soul,
Kindling with the living coal
Love to God and love to man—
Working out his Maker's plan.
Who shall say this boy of mine
Shall not as an angel shine,
Winning to the Heavenly state
Hearts now filled with strife and hate;
Calling down that better day,
When the good shall bear the sway,
And the brutal slink away?

Ceased she, and her deep blue eye
Flashed the glories of the sky.
From her faith not to be driven,
With a love to angels given,
Kissed she then that gift of Heaven.

IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE.

The editor of the Journal of Commerce has seen parts of a correspondence which has recently taken place between an Agent of the Mexican Government in this country and Mr. Buchanan, Secretary of State, and also between the same Agent and the Mexican Government. The object of the Agent, it seems, is, in his own language, "to cause one Republic to give way to the other, and to establish a friendly understanding in both on mutual concession." The following is an extract from one of his communications to Mr. Buchanan:—

"The question is now intricate, it is, however to be met—and settled. The sooner the better."

* * * * * * *

"The Mexican Junta: it is not improbable, indeed, but that you may receive a proposition."

* * * * * * *

"In August and September I had the honor to urge in strong language, the entertaining your overture for negotiating a peace on terms on which the two governments may reasonably agree to, with honor to both. An honorable peace [for Mexico] you are pledged to assent to, by the tenor of your late despatch to the Mexican Minister of Foreign Relations."

* * * * * * *

"My letters urging the entertaining your overture, must have arrived at the Mexican capital subsequently to the reception of it by the Mexican Government: I think you have failed to view, in a true light, the reply sent. That which you regard as a 'rebuff' from the rulers of Mexico, appears to me have been the surest, best and only method to give to their sentiments the only efficient value, truth and force. It might have seemed presumption for rulers to attempt action if unsupported by, or not based upon the suffrages of a free people. The heads of the Mexican Nation, desirous to regenerate the Republic, commenced by acknowledging the people the rulers of Mexico. The peace, when established, will thus be based upon the wishes and will of the people, and will be more satisfactory to you and to them, on that account.

"Your kind and conciliatory communication I send to the Mexican Government, with a copy of my letter to which it is a reply, and copy of letter I now finish, with assurance of your having my most respectful consideration."

The foregoing letter was answered by Mr Buchanan in very amicable and friendly terms. And the Mexican Agent expects the letter will have a favorable influence upon the Councils of the Junta and Government in the Mexican Capital, and expedite the transmission of peaceful sentiments to the Cabinet at Washington. Mr Buchanan's reply runs thus:—

"My letter of the 29th instant, does no more than truly express the sentiments of this Government.

"You mention articles for a treaty, some of which the two Republics might reasonably agree to with honor to both. Entirely ignorant of what those articles contain, I can of course express no opinion on the subject.

"I am pleased that you consider my communication to your kind and conciliatory. It was certainly so intended. Personally, I have always sincerely regretted the existence of the war: and now do still more, because I cherish the hope, that, under the Federal System, should it be honestly maintained, Mexico may recover from all her misfortunes, and her people may become prosperous and happy. It is one of the most unnatural events in history, that two Republics, which might do each other so much good in peace should be engaged in war. Still, in opposition to your opinion, I must continue to believe that this war was forced upon the United States: and I know that we engaged in it most reluctantly.

"For the character of Mexico throughout the world, this war has had one good effect. No person can hereafter doubt the valor of her troops. In every engagement they have proved themselves to be men."

WAR REPORTS.

Letter writers from Washington now assert positively that an attack upon Vera Cruz has been resolved upon, and that Commodore Stewart is to be ordered to the Gulf, where, being senior officer, he will of course assume the command. Gen. Scott, it is stated, has already left New York for the Seat of War, via New Orleans. It is evident that the Administration feel the necessity of pushing the war, if possible, to a crisis.

!!A Washington correspondent of the New York Herald is responsible for the truth of the following:—

"We learn that it is the express wish of General Taylor that General Scott should take command. There is the most cordial good feeling between the two officers. And it may be as well to say, that the War Department is under the greatest obligations to General Scott for the efficient services he has rendered here in the conduct of the war—the lines of march, the apportionment of the troops, the points of attack, and the arrangements for supplies of the general detachments of the army of occupation and invasion. General Scott will come out of the trial with the honors of General Worth, now that the field is open for him; and Old Zack, God bless him as long as he lives, is just the true old soldier to give a brother officer a chance to repair a *faux pas*, or a slip off the handle."

A CONSUL IMPRISONED.

The Mexican advices received by the "Midas," at New Orleans, state that Monsieur Gasquet, French Consul at Monterey, California, had been imprisoned by the United States authorities at that port, because he had protested against the occupation of California by the United States. An English vessel is said to have immediately sailed to the Marquesas Islands, to inform the French Admiral on that station of the occurrence.

LARGE ORDER.

The London Times of October 22d, remarks, that "One of the greatest capitalists of England, or the world, had sent out an order to the United States, for 600,000 quarters of wheat—equal to 900,000 barrels of flour."

ENCOURAGING TO VOLUNTEERS.

The kind hearted editors of the Ledger have obtained the following statistical information relative to the chances of death in various pursuits. It says:

"The profession of arms is but little more destructive of the individual chances of life than the most peaceful pursuits. Accurate calculations, made with regard to the most belligerent nation on earth, the people of England, have fully determined this point.

"Between the ages of 26 and 31, the following are the chances:—Army, 65.17 100ths; navy, 67.63; church, 68.31; law, 66.20; medicine 65.36; fine arts, 64.42; learned professions, 67.70; literature, 66.49; trade and commerce, 68.11. From 41 years and upwards the chances are as follows:—Army, 68.97; navy, 70.01; clergy, 71.82; medicine, 70.23; law, 70.20; fine arts, 68.21; learned professions, 71.24; literature, 69.16; trade and commerce, 71.41.

"Thus, it appears that the mortality is as great among physicians as among soldiers, and greater among those devoted to the fine arts than it is among those whose profession is arms. Lawyers are less sure of their lives than seamen, and the clergy, engaged in the most peaceful of all pursuits, stand in no safer position than some of the most hazardous professions."

We are sorry to dash so pleasant a picture, but it is evident that the Ledger has got hold of some statistics of the English Army in a state of comparative peace, and makes the blunder of applying them to an Army engaged in active warfare. For it is absurd to suppose that a man's life is as safe in such battle fields as Resaca de la Palma, or in

"Charging on the guns which swept
The slippery streets of Monterey,"

as in the performance of the common peaceful avocations of life. As the above statement appeared the morning after Thanksgiving Day, we judge that our friends of the Ledger must have eaten too heavy a Thanksgiving dinner.

MR. BRADFORD'S LECTURE.

The lecture of this gentleman on Tuesday night, before the Union Library Company, afforded much pleasure to a small but apparently select audience. His subject was the character of Shylock, in the Merchant of Venice, which we have always thought one of the finest of Shakespeare's plays. The lecture generally evinced more than the common order of talent on the part of Mr. Bradford, while the readings were given in a manner we have never heard surpassed, evincing the most perfect comprehension of the author's meaning. As Mr. Bradford intends to deliver a series of lectures upon different characters of Shakespeare's, our citizens will have an opportunity of judging whether these encomiums are or are not extravagant.

Editorial Varieties.

SINGULAR STATEMENT.

The following is stated in the New York Journal of Commerce to have recently occurred in that city. We did not suppose there was any danger of such thefts being attempted in this new world, though we judge by Dombey and Son (Chapter 6) that they must be of frequent occurrence in London.

"Caution to Little Girls.—A little girl residing in Courtlandt Street, and possessing a luxuriant head of hair, on alighting from an omnibus in Broadway last Thursday evening, was accosted by a scoundrel, in the garb of a gentleman, who volunteered to shield her from the rain, as he had an umbrella, and was going the same way. She accepted his kind offer, and when opposite an open hall, he exclaimed—'There is a big poisonous spider on your back,' and under pretence of removing it, decoyed her into the hall, when he pretended it had crawled under her bonnet, and at his request she took it off. He then attempted to cut off her hair, but she becoming frightened ran, escaping his scissors, but leaving her hat, (a green silk velvet,) in the hands of the villain. A number of instances like this have occurred of late."

A CONSIDERATE THIEF.

A very elegant rosewood box, containing a valuable set of Surgical Instruments, valued at two hundred dollars, was recently stolen from a surgeon in Boston. A few days after, however, the box, &c., were returned, with the following polite and considerate epistle.

Mr. Gordon: Sir—I am very sorry to cause you any anxiety of mind about your tools, but being short of funds and thinking this box contained money, I thought I would raise the wind in this way. I must acknowledge it was a desperate thing to do, but desperate cases require desperate means, and nothing but my present circumstances could have induced me to do it, but finding no money and nothing of much value to me, and knowing it to be very valuable to you, I have returned it, hoping that you will give the value of it in your professional services to some poor fellow that is broke like me.
Gran.

MEXICAN REPRISALS.

The New York Evening Post says:—

"We learn from Washington, on the very best authority, that a correspondence has taken place between the Secretary of State for the United States and the authorities of Cuba, touching the fitting out of Mexican Letters of Marque, in the ports of that Island. It is known that there is an express stipulation in our treaty of 1799, with old Spain, against the fitting out of privateers from any Spanish port, which stipulation has been pressed upon the attention of Spain. In reply to Mr. Buchanan's letter, we are told that the most positive assurances have been returned, both by the Government of Cuba and that of the mother country, to the effect that the terms of the treaty will be most religiously adhered to. No privateers of any description will be suffered to depart from any Spanish possession."

GENERAL TAYLOR.

A contemporary says:

"General Taylor is a liberally educated man, and is a good Greek and Latin scholar. This will account for the simplicity and elegance of his despatches."

We do not know how true it may be that "Rough and Ready" is a *good* Greek and Latin scholar, though we think it doubtful; but we do know that such learning will by no means account for the simplicity and elegance of any man's writings. By the way, the report was when the question was first mooted, that the old General did not really write his own despatches, but merely dictated the heads to his secretary.

TELEGRAPH TO CINCINNATI.

The Cincinnati Gazette says, negotiations have been for some weeks in progress for extending the lightning line from Pittsburg to that city, connecting it with Philadelphia, New York, Boston and Washington City. The importance of this communication is duly appreciated in Cincinnati, and the Gazette expects that the work will be completed in six or eight months. When these arrangements are completed, it is designed also to extend the line from that city by way of Louisville, Nashville, Vicksburg, &c., to New Orleans. The line through Ohio must be completed ere long.

EMIGRATION TO VIRGINIA!

A company of Pennsylvanians, belonging to the Society of Friends, have purchased the Wood Lawn estate, (comprising two thousand acres,) in Fairfax county, Va., and will settle on the land, and proceed to its cultivation by forming nurseries, gardens, &c. We congratulate our friends of the Old Dominion upon the prospect that is now opening of an extensive influx of the right kind of people into their borders. If any persons can regenerate the waste portions of Virginia, it is the members of the shrewd, industrious and economical society of Friends.

INTERESTING TO FARMERS.

We learn from the Lancaster Union that at the late term of the November Sessions for that county, there was a suit up for assault and battery, growing out of a dispute between a landlord and tenant, as to which party was entitled to the straw of the way-going crop. In charging the jury, the President Judge and his Associates delivered separate opinions, each agreeing that the tenant, without a special contract to the contrary, had no right to remove the straw.

FROM SANTA FE.

Information from Santa Fe has been received, which confirms the report that a train of thirty U. S. wagons, with 160 mules, guarded by forty men, had been robbed by a party of two hundred Indians. The wagons was filled with clothing, and hospital and commissary stores, sugar, coffee, &c. They took the mules and the goods, leaving the wagons, without opposition, as the guards were destitute of ammunition. Why they were so is not explained.

SILK NEWSPAPER.

A silk *newspaper* (if this be not a contradiction in terms) of extraordinary size, is published weekly in Pekin, China. It is claimed to have been in existence more than one thousand years. It is said that in 1727, a public officer caused some false intelligence to be inserted in this newspaper, for which he was put to death. Several numbers of the paper are preserved in a library at Paris, which are ten and a quarter yards long.

SINGULAR BEQUEST.

The Baltimore Argus states that a colored barber of that city, has lately come into possession of $7,000, a plantation, and several slaves, the bequest of a Virginia gentleman.

THE OWL.

The owl always maintained the reputation among the Ancients of being the bird of wisdom, but the Moderns, who have brought a great many things that dwelt in darkness to light, have always considered it a rather stupid creature—its seeming profundity being nothing more than the complacent gravity of dullness and ignorance. A late event has gone far to confirm this latter opinion—one of the species having been detected in an attempt to arrest the swift march of modern science. The particulars of this stupid and suicidal affair, are thus given by one of our contemporaries:—

"A few days since, the transmission of messages upon the New York telegraph line was suspended for several hours, which, upon an inspection of the wires in the vicinity of the city, was found to have been caused by the following curious incident. A large owl was found suspended from the wires, three miles above the inclined plane, with his talons entangled among them, the copper wire having been twisted round the iron cords of the western line. The owl was dead when discovered, and it is supposed that he had lighted upon the iron wire, and while in that position, the other was blown against him, and a connection being thus formed, he then received a shock of the fluid, which deprived him of life, or so crippled him, that in his flutterings he became entangled in the wires. The removal of the defunct owl and the disentanglement of the wires, enabled the renewal of communications between the two cities."

GUN COTTON.

A correspondent of the Ledger gives the following as the mode of preparing this new explosive:—

"Two ounces of sulphuric acid, of 65 to 66 deg. of Beaume (query, Reamur?) are to be mixed with an ounce of nitric acid, of 38 to 40 deg., free of muriatic acid. After this mixture has grown cold, ½ oz. of black manganese to be added to it, and the whole put aside until said manganese has settled. The clear fluid is then poured off, and so much cotton pressed in it as will allow the fluid to cover it. The cotton has to remain in it for a quarter to half an hour, and is afterwards to be spread out in about a gallon of clear water, fresh water being added until the cotton has become quite free from acid. This cotton, when dried in a warm place, is ready for use as gun cotton. This will show that as common nitric acid does not contain enough oxygen for the preparation of gun cotton, it is to be supplied by the decomposition of the black manganese, instead of which the following combinations of oxygen may therefore be employed, viz: oxyde of iron, Prussian blue, oxyde of tin, bichromate of potassium, chrome yellow, &c.

"The manner of preparing the gun cotton with black manganese is the simplest and cheapest known at the present time."

PROFITABLE SPECULATION.

The Batavia, N. Y., Times records the following instance of a successful experiment upon the pockets of royalty. No doubt Mr. Smith's neighbors thought his present, when it was made, savored pretty strongly of "modest assurance;" but now it has turned out so well, they probably consider him one of those lucky dogs who, when they go a-begging, instead of kicks get coppers.

"Last fall, Mr. Henry Smith, an enterprising miller of Le Roy, in this county, sent six barrels of the choicest superfine Genesee flour, manufactured at his mill in Wheatland, Monroe county, to Queen Victoria, and for which, in due time, he received from her Majesty the comfortable little sum of *three thousand dollars.* The flour was put up in highly finished barrels, neatly varnished, inclosed in sacks, and forwarded direct to the Queen at London. This fortunate experiment upon the appetite of royalty seems to have suited her Majesty's palate so nicely, that in addition to the ample remuneration for his first adventure, he has recently received an order direct from London for *three thousand barrels* more "of the same sort," which he has promptly forwarded."

THE DEAD SEA.

The following description of the Dead Sea, from "Eothen," is one of the most splendid passages we ever read:—

"I went on and came near to those waters of Death; they stretched deeply into the southern desert, and before me, and all around, as far away as the eye could follow, blank hills piled high over hills, pale, yellow, and naked, walled up in her tomb forever, the dead and damned Gomorrah. There was no fly that hummed in the forbidden air, but instead, a deep stillness—no grass grew from the earth—no weed peered through the void sand, but in mockery of life, there were trees borne down by Jordan in some ancient flood, and these grotesquely planted on the forlorn shore, spread out their grim, skeleton arms, all scorched and charred to blackness by the heats of the long silent years."

ITALIAN MUSIC.

We commend the following to the attention of our would-be fashionables, who think that their own native tongue is "very vulgar," and much prefer "*Etalyan Mewsick.*"

"Henry Lawes, who composed the music of Milton's Mask of Comus, is said to have been the first who introduced the Italian style of music into England, but he strongly censured the prevailing fondness for Italian words. 'To make the public sensible of this ridiculous humor,' says he, 'I took a table or index of old Italian songs, and this index (which, read together, made a strange medley of nonsense) I set to a varied air, and gave out that it came from Italy, *whereby it hath passed for a rare Italian song.*'"

IMPORTANT DECISION.

Judge Parker, of the Circuit Court, at Troy, in a replevin suit brought by some Boston merchants against a firm in Troy, decided that an innocent purchaser of goods from a person who had obtained them by false pretences, could hold them; that the person who had been thus defrauded, could not reclaim them after they had passed into the hands of a third person without notice of the fraud. The distinction drawn between this case and one where goods are obtained by theft, is, that in the former case the owner voluntarily parts with the possession of them, and in the latter case he does not.

THE WEAKER VESSEL.

We find the following in one of our exchanges. Of course we do not endorse it—but still there cannot be much harm just in quoting it, fair ladies.

"A minister was once called upon to effect a reconciliation between a fisherman and his helpmate. After using all the arguments in his power to convince the offending husband that it was unmanly to chastise his loving wife, the minister concluded, 'David, you know that the wife is the weaker vessel, and you should have pity on her.'

"'Confound her!' replied the angry fisherman, 'if she's the weaker vessel, *she should carry the less sail.*'"

THE LAST DAY.

We are informed by the proprietors of Anelli's famous picture of the Last Day, that it is now on its way to New Orleans, where it will be exhibited during the coming winter. The proprietor also expects to visit Mobile, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and other principal places, through the South-west and West within the coming year. We understand that the number of persons that have attended its exhibitions through the New England States has been immense. It is a sublime and beautiful picture.

ANOTHER ELOPEMENT.

The Richmond Republican mentions the elopement of a formerly respectable citizen of Henrico, with the young sister of his wife. The guilty pair left the city on Tuesday night week. The gentleman was the husband of the third wife—herself an interesting young woman—and has left his family of seven or eight children, to go off with the victim of his guilty passion. Names are not given.

HEAVY DAMAGES.

Breach of Promise cases seem to be all the go now, for hardly a week passes that we have not to record one or more of them. The last we have seen is a case in Louisville, Ky., where a Miss Nano Hayes obtained a verdict of $6,000 against a merchant of that city. Miss Hayes is aged thirty—the merchant is a rich old bachelor of fifty-four.

SPLENDID CROP.

The Milwaukie Courier says that Menomenee raised *three hundred and sixty bushels* of wheat on *eight and a half acres* of land—forty-two and a half bushels to the acre.

If there be no mistake in this statement, Wisconsin may lay good claims to be considered the "banner State" of the wheat growing country.

VERY OLD.

The editor of the Lynn News came across quite an old chap the other day. He said he recollected when the house was built that his father was born in, for he used to go out and pick up the chips!

A MUTINY.

The Mexican papers give the particulars of a mutiny at Angelos, California, against the United States authorities; and state that it was not suppressed without considerable loss of life.

NEW COUNTERFEIT.

Counterfeit notes on the Bank of the State of North Carolina, of the denomination of four dollars, have made their appearance at Petersburg, Va.

THE ELYRIA COURIER.

This is the name of a good looking sheet recently established in Elyria, Lorain county, Ohio.

THE NEW TARIFF.

The New Tariff went into operation on the first day of this month.

MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

The Baltimore American states that a more perfect insulation of the wires on the line between that city and Philadelphia has been commenced, and considerable progress already been made, the good effects of which, in keeping the line in better order, was felt during the late rains. The insulation adopted is a solid piece of glass fixed on the top of the posts, with a deep groove in it through which the wire passes; the whole being covered with a pent-roofing to keep off the rain, which would otherwise form a connection by which the magnetic fluid would escape to the ground. When this insulation is completed the line will work with equal regularity in all weathers.

ROGUES IN GRAIN.

The St. Louis New Era says that those unprincipled scoundrels who every now and then cut the telegraph wires, in order to speculate in wheat, corn, &c., are most undoubtedly "rogues in grain."

JUST DECISION.

The Superior Court of Cincinnati has decided that a trader is liable for any loss incurred by a reliance on his brand.

Notices of New Works.

Life of Addison. *By Miss Aikin. Complete in one volume. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. Price fifty cents.* This is No. 5 of Carey & Hart's Library for the People. We notice from the advertisement to the American edition that the American publishers have taken the liberty of altering passages in Miss Aikin's work, where Mr. Macaulay's in his "admirable review" has accused her of falling into errors. It seems to us it would have been much better policy to have reprinted Miss Aikin's book as it stands, and to have quoted Mr. Macaulay's corrections in foot notes—for it is establishing a dangerous precedent to corrupt the text of an author.

Encyclopædia Americana. Supplementary Volume. *Edited by Henry Vethake, L. L. D. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* To those who are in possession of the regular series of the Encyclopedia Americana, this supplemental volume is necessary to complete their set—while to others who are desirous of having a compend of late discoveries in the sciences and the arts, it will be found very valuable. As to the usefulness of Encyclopedias in general, it would be superfluous to say anything.

Christmas Box for the Sons and Daughters of Temperance. *By T. S. Arthur. Philadelphia: Wm. Sloanaker.* This is a story intended for a Temperance Christmas present—showing the upward march from Brandy Egg Nog, through Wine Egg-Nog, to Adam's Ale. All of Mr. Arthur's stories are devoted to the illustration of a good moral, and we think this book will be extensively patronized by Temperance people especially, during the coming holidays.

The Kings of France. *By Thomas Wyatt, A. M. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.* The author says, in the preface of this work, that he believes "Among all the labored histories of France, there is not in existence an illustrated biographical sketch of the lives and customs of their kings." In the volume before us he has striven to supply this deficiency. The work is very prettily got up, and reflects much credit upon the publishers.

Eclectic Moral Philosophy. *By Rev. J. R. Boyd, A. M., Principal of Jefferson County Institute, New York. Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.* We merely give the title of this book, not having had time to institute an examination into its contents, and a book upon Moral Philosophy should neither be lightly praised nor lightly censured.

Comstock's Phonetic Magazine. We have received the December number of this magazine. "The Mexicad" is continued in the English and *Comstockian* (not *Kamschatka*) tongues.

Blackwood's Ladies Magazine. Another number of Mr. Godey's reprint of this periodical is before us. It contains its usual variety of interesting matter.

Casualties.

WRECK OF STEAMBOAT ATLANTIC.

We regret to announce, this week, the wreck of the Steamboat Atlantic, on Fisher's Island, in Long Island Sound, off New London, in the terrible storm which prevailed upon Thanksgiving Day.

"The Atlantic was one of the most magnificent boats that ever floated. She had comparatively on this trip a small number of passengers, as Thanksgiving Day is not a travelling day in New England. If she had been as crowded as she usually has been, the disaster would of course have been more dreadful and terrible in its results.

"The passengers for this ill-fated steamer left Boston at half past five o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. They proceeded over the Worcester and Norwich Road, and reached Allyn's Point at half past eleven on that night. There they went on board the Atlantic. She left for New York between twelve and one o'clock on Thursday morning.

"There were between seventy and eighty persons on board, in all, including passengers, officers, crew, and servants.

"The Atlantic got well underway, and was running along finely, when the steam chest exploded, and nearly at the same moment the wind shifted from the north-east to the north-west, and blew almost a hurricane.

"The steamer was thrown into the midst of darkness and confusion, and the air resounded with the cries of the scalded. It was a frightful scene to behold. Captain Dustan instantly called all hands to the fore deck, and ordered them to heave over the anchors, but it was found almost impossible for a man to stand on deck, in consequence of the violence of the gale, the sea continually making a breach over her bows. Owing to this it took nearly an hour to get out the three anchors.

"The steamer worked heavily, plunging her bows under at every lurch, and dragging her anchors. Between the time of anchoring and daylight, it is thought that she dragged over the distance of about eleven miles. This was a terrible time to all on board.

"The fires were all put out at daylight, on Thursday, and from that time to the period of going ashore, the passengers and crew suffered from intense cold. The only means of keeping warm, was to wrap themselves in blankets, and walk briskly around the steamer.

"All, at this time, began to look to their own personal safety. All put on the life preservers that the boat was so plentifully supplied with, and prepared themselves for any emergency. Some put on one, some two and some four life preservers. The doors, shutters, settees, &c., &c., were detached and cut away, for rafts to drift ashore upon, whenever the steamer should strike.

"The gale increasing in violence, Capt. Dustan, who preserved his self-possession throughout the perilous time, ordered about forty tons of coal to be thrown overboard, in order to lighten the vessel.

"About noon on Thursday, the smoke pipes, which were very large and heavy, were ordered to be thrown overboard. This was done, the Captain assisting, and the steamer was eased for a short time. After this less resistance was offered to the wind.

"The steamer continued to drift, however, and everything looked terribly hopeless.

"The danger increased so rapidly, that between 2 and 3 o'clock Captain Dustan ordered the decks to be cleared of all merchandise, of every thing that was in the way. Cases of boots, shoes, barrels of flour, stoves, &c., &c., including one package said to contain $7,000 worth of plate, were thrown overboard. There were six to eight thousand dollars worth of lace on board, belonging to one of the passengers, who had previously said that he would give the whole to any one who would put him safely ashore. This lace was afterwards seen strewn along the beach.

"All these efforts, however, to save the steamer were unavailing. No person worked harder than Capt. Dustan, with his passengers and crew. It was for life or death. After these repeated and united efforts had failed, all hopes of safety were over, and all felt desirous and anxious that the steamer should strike the beach. It was a frightful sight, but the feelings of those on board had been wrought up to such a pitch, that a reaction came over them, and they were resigned to their fate.

"About midnight she parted one of her cables, there being four out, one attached to thirty hundred weight of furnace bars, and others to anchors. After this the gale continued to increase, and now blew a perfect hurricane.

"She was driven still nearer the shore, but passed a point that all expected she would strike upon. She then drifted about eleven miles more, making in all twenty-two miles, which occupied about twenty-eight hours, of terrible uncertainty and suffering. She then struck, stern first, on a ledge of rocks on Fisher's Island, when a tremendous sea seemed to lift her up on to the very top of the ledge; so far up, indeed, as almost to throw her over on to the other side. *This was the crisis in the disaster; it was terrible, and heart-rending in the extreme. In five minutes after she struck, she was in pieces. In these five minutes at least one-half of those on board the Atlantic were taken from time to eternity. Some were drowned, some crushed, and some frozen to death. The screams, the crash, the roar of the sea, were dreadful.*

"There were six females, four children and two infants among the passengers. All the females were drowned or crushed to death. Only one of the children was saved, and he, we learn, was the only one saved of the family of which he was a member. His father, mother, married sister, and a younger sister, and two young brothers, were on board, all are dead. The poor little orphan thus saved, and thus thrown alone on to the world, is only twelve years of age. The two infants were drowned, frozen, or crushed to death.

"All this occurred at half past four o'clock on Friday morning."

It is gratifying to learn that the passengers acted nobly; there was no confusion, no selfish excitement; each one seemed to regard more the safety of his neighbor than of himself.

To the fact of the passengers being nearly altogether men is doubtless owing the escape of so large a proportion.

It will be seen by the following list, taken from the New London News, Extra, that Captain Dustan was among those that perished. He is said to have behaved nobly throughout.

Names of Persons Lost.—Capt. Dustan, of the Atlantic; Messrs Kimball and William Burbeck, New York; Dr. Henlin, of the Navy; Lieut. Norton, of the Army; Rev. W. J. Armstrong, D. D., of New York; John Walton, Mrs. Jane Walton, and their children, John, James, and Eleanor Jane, all one family, from West Newburg for Pennsylvania. (Robert Vine and Jacob Walton, of the same family, saved.) Mary Jordan, Boston; ——— Collamore, Boston; Wm. B. Solace, Bridgeport, Vt.; crew of the Atlantic, as follows:—John Gleason, Thomas Gebory, Michael Dougherty, Charles Ryby, John Macfarlan; Warren Smith, cook; Philip Mathew, do; Mary Ann Hilton, Sarah Johnson, and Sarah Raboy, all of New York, chambermaids.

Names of the Passengers Saved.—Capt. Geo. W. Cullom, U. S. Eng. Corps; Seabury Brewster, N. York; Capt. Peter Hanna, Portland; C. C. Orr, Louisville, Ky.; Joel R. Andrews, New London; Lieut. E. Maynard, U. S. N.; Lieut. C. S. Stewart, U. S. Eng.; Charles Codedy, N. York; Hiram Tarb, Lisbon, Ct.; Francis Herrick, Boston; Geo. W. Rogers, New London; C. C. Comstock, do.; Thos. Fruendell, N. York; Thos. Goodings, Boston; Nahum Rolfe, Newark, N. J.; E. V. Booth, Boston; Edw. Madden, do.; C. Petersen, do.; Charles Mitchell, Norwich; Henry Van Wart, Birmingham, Eng.; Varnham Marsh, New York; James Wilson Buxton; Nathaniel Atwood, Massachusetts; Richard Atwood, do; Richard S. Bosnam, Bridgeport, Vermont; John Williams, New York; William Edwards, do; Charles Partridge, do; Hiram Tarbox, Norwich; Francis Hirsch, Boston; G. W. Burgess, New London; Calvin Houghton, Bridgeport, Vermont; T. F. Baldwin, Cincinnati.

Officers and Crew of the Boat Saved.—Captain Nathaniel M. Allen, pilot; Charles Crandall, second do; Dennis Spellane, wheelman; Elias Kingston, first mate; R. W. Duncan, second do; John Keefer, steward; Jas. M. Dobbs, first engineer; Ed. Birdsell, second do; John J. Gale, third do; Cons Christian; Jos. Stetson, Captain's Assistant; Wm. W. Boyle, clerk; F. S. Baker, gas engineer; Thomas O. Gould, Adams' messenger; C. W. Wordsworth, bar keeper; Henry Freeleigh; Richard W. Thompson, barber; Wm. Willett, cook; George Smith, do; Henry Manchester, fireman; John Thompson, do; Richard Alvord, do; Wm. Allen, deck hand; Thomas McCoy, porter; Aaron McCoy, do; Enos Daily, waiter.

The list of passengers, as given above, is not probably, entirely accurate. The names of those who took the cars at different places on the railroad line are of course not recorded.

It is stated, says the Boston Traveller, that two young men, clerks in Insurance offices, in Boston, were probably on board. Captain Hanna, one of the survivors, arrived in Boston on Saturday morning, and furnished the Exchange Room with the following:—

"The boat broke amidships, and her machinery went through her bottom. She was about 200 yards from the land. She struck at half-past four, about ten feet from the reef. Capt. H. thinks that all who were in the saloon at the time the boat struck perished, with the exception of himself, as the sea stove her upper decks in.

"Capt. H. lowered himself from the stern, and was thrown by the sea over the reef and among the rocks on shore. He managed to scramble up on to the beach. He was considerably bruised, and suffered much from cold.

"At half-past four P. M., Rev. Dr. Armstrong and about fifty passengers went below for prayers and exhortations. The passengers were much chilled as there had been no fire on board since the accident to the steam chambers. The anchors held on until within ten feet of the reef. Captain D. was very cool, and did everything possible for the safety of the passengers.

"Nothing remains of the boat but her machinery and her wheels. The boat was broken in a dozen pieces. There were about seventy passengers on board, and all that were saved have come into New London with perhaps one or two exceptions."

When the wreck was last seen, an upright beam with the bell remained, and the wind was tolling the bell.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

The Eastern mail still continues to furnish melancholy incidents connected with the loss of the steamboat Atlantic. The latest accounts state the number of lives lost to be forty. All the bodies found have been recognized except one, there remain five yet unfound. The Tribune says:—

"One sad tale has just been told us, that compresses, as it were, into a single point, all the agony of the whole scene, and brings the incident nearer home to the heart than many columns of mere details. Mr. H. H. Cunningham, an extensive lace broker, resided in this city with his wife, a young lady whom he had married here about a year and a half since, and an infant child. His business had called him to the East, and he wrote to his wife on Wednesday, saying that he intended to be at home on Friday at the farthest, and might possibly return in time for Thanksgiving dinner on Thursday. He did not come, and the anxiety of the young wife was at length converted to a terrible certainty by the fatal news that he had embarked on the Atlantic and was among the dead. Still a kind of unnatural hope fed the wife's heart until yesterday, when a letter came to say that the body of her husband had been found, and buried at Norwich. She became for a time entirely insane; but her cruel consciousness returned to plunge her from madness to anguish, and the very desolation of despair. Scarcely aware of what she did, and apparently forgetting even her child, she left town last evening to go to him—to tear him from the earth and bring him with her. Alas! the pallid object of such tender solicitude is no more anything but frozen dust—caresses and tears cannot warm it back to life. It is but an icy monument which death has carved to mock her love.

"Mr. Gould, of Adams's Express, did good service at the wreck by his presence of mind and manly perseverance. Having saved himself by leaping into the surf, and quietly taking advantage of the return swell, which carried him safely to the rocks, he obtained a plank, and, standing in the still water under the lee of the rock, pushed the plank to within eight or ten feet of the boat, thus receiving and rescuing, one after another, eighteen or twenty persons. All this time the noble fellow stood waist deep in the water, and plied his plank until the last chance of doing good with it was gone. How proud of his species does a man become when he hears such accounts of the true nobility of human nature!"

STEAMBOAT COLLISION.

Another terrible steamboat accident occurred on the 21st ult., about seven miles below Natchez, by which some twenty or thirty lives were lost, and a large number of persons scalded.

The steamboat Sultana, bound down the river, came in collision with the Maria, bound up, striking her just forward of the wheel-house, and by the violence of the shock, broke the connecting pipe of the Maria, by which between twenty-five and thirty deck hands and passengers were scalded, many of them so severely that there was no prospect of their recovery.

The Maria sank to within about two feet of her cabin floor, within five minutes after the collision, drowning between twenty-five and thirty persons who were on the lower deck. The cabin passengers were all saved.

Probable Loss of a Ship.—The ship Zenobia, Capt. Kinney, from New York on the 22d ult. for Liverpool with flour and grain, is feared to have been lost in the recent storm. The brig Mary found her in distress on the 24th ult., but parted from her in consequence of the gale.

Political Intelligence

Iowa.—The Burlington Gazette (Democratic) of the 14th ult., says:—"We have not been able to procure the official vote of the State, but the final result will not vary much from the statement contained in our paper of last week. The Democracy have a decided majority on joint ballot of some three or four—a sufficient number to secure the election of our United States Senators—and for all practical purposes. We have also carried our entire State ticket, by an average majority of some 500 to 600."

Resignation.—The Hon. George McDuffie has resigned his place as United States Senator from South Carolina. It is thought that Mr Huger, who resigned to make room for Mr Calhoun, will be elected in his place.

Mr. McDuffie says his health will not allow of his attending to the duties of a Senator, and nothing could have induced him to accept the place, but the hope of destroying the Tariff of 1842, which, having aided to accomplish, he resigns.

Annual Message.—The Governor of North Carolina in his Annual Message recommends additional taxation to preserve the credit of the State, and takes ground against the Mexican war as "unauthorized and unconstitutional." Whilst the Governor of South Carolina regrets the war, but says it was made necessary by the bad conduct of Mexico.

Rhode Island.—The Democratic State Convention has adopted the following ticket:—

Governor, Olney Ballou, of Cumberland; Lieut. Governor, John D. Austin, of South Kingston; Secretary of State, William H. Smith, of Providence; General Treasurer, Nathan Hammett, of Newport; Attorney General, George Turner, of Newport.

Two United States Senators Elected.—North Carolina has elected the Hon. George E. Badger to the U. S. Senate, in place of Haywood, resigned, and the Hon. W. P. Mangum for six years.

The Presidency.—Henry Clay has been nominated for the Presidency in 1848, by the Whigs of Halifax county, N. C. Too soon for such movements, gentlemen.

Anti-Renters.—The Anti-Rent vote in New York is estimated at from 6,000 to 10,000.

From the Seat of War

CAPTURE OF TAMPICO.

By the arrival of the U. S. steamer Mississippi at New Orleans, we have intelligence of the capture of Tampico on the 14th ult.

The fleet sailed under Com. Conner on the 11th and 12th [illegible] the bar with the Spitfire, Vixen, Petrel, Bonita and Reefer, besides the [illegible] Princeton and St. Mary's. [illegible] made to the American arms. The town was surrendered unconditionally, the garrison having been previously withdrawn.

The Mississippi sailed immediately to New Orleans for troops to garrison the captured place, and it is said that [illegible] announced [illegible] all the necessary [illegible] sent out, [illegible] way and in [illegible] gencies of [illegible]

The N. O. Picayune says:—

"Although the city was taken without the loss of blood, it is [illegible] without a [illegible] town is now [illegible] of the fleet [illegible] business.

"We incline to the opinion that the place will become of [illegible] operations [illegible] the Mexican [illegible] is making [illegible] large scale [illegible] Saltillo [illegible]

FROM MEXICO.

The news from Mexico is of considerable importance.

The Mexican administration is said to be dissolved, and Almonte is going to England.

Santa Anna has been compelled to refund the two millions of dollars which he recently stole from a conducta.

How the new administration is to be composed is not known. [illegible] Santa Anna [illegible] at San Luis Potosi. [illegible] under his [illegible] thousand, [illegible] few weeks [illegible] much an [illegible] situation [illegible]

The New Orleans Bulletin, speaking in reference to this one, says:—

"The impression is, that Santa Anna is [illegible] Army. [illegible] for the [illegible] both as [illegible] Gen. Taylor [illegible] rear, [illegible] Santa Anna [illegible] from San Luis [illegible] officer [illegible] whole force [illegible] of Gen. Patterson [illegible] Santa Anna [illegible] without [illegible] care of his [illegible] enemy of [illegible]

FROM CHIHUAHUA.

Intelligence from Chihuahua to the [illegible] tember, [illegible] at that place [illegible] This action [illegible] by the [illegible] del Norte [illegible] He arrived [illegible] tion of the [illegible] Fe—put [illegible] requested [illegible] arms in [illegible] American [illegible] city. [illegible] end of the [illegible] rancho, [illegible] this time [illegible]

LATER FROM MEXICO

Extract of a letter dated Washington, December 1st, 1846:

"Despatches [illegible] Santa Anna [illegible] Luis Potosi [illegible] City of Mexico [illegible]

"It was [illegible] proclaim [illegible]

This [illegible] papers [illegible]

Miscellaneous News.

The [illegible] that "gun cotton" [illegible] Mass., the [illegible] to make [illegible] that it [illegible] light and [illegible]

The Washington Union says that experiment has demonstrated [illegible] gun [illegible] perceptible [illegible] Union [illegible] not find [illegible] He has [illegible] water, and [illegible] fected.

Experiment [illegible] explosive [illegible] and what [illegible] will require [illegible] in favor of [illegible] powder, [illegible] plicable.

Volunteers.—The Union [illegible] formation [illegible] to service [illegible] at least [illegible] to the go [illegible] der this [illegible] giment of [illegible] the comm [illegible] cadet at [illegible] nia is re [illegible] is officially [illegible] fore the [illegible] ment (Mr. [illegible] vancing [illegible]

Expenses of the War.—The Washington Union, [illegible] war being [illegible]

"On the [illegible] books. [illegible] Government [illegible] 30th, 184 [illegible] on nearly [illegible] ring the [illegible] $24,000,000 [illegible]

The Smithsonian Institute.—The Regents of this institution [illegible] at Washington City [illegible] A very elaborate [illegible] from the [illegible] system for [illegible] Smithson, [illegible]

Plaid Gaiters.—Scotch plaid gaiters [illegible] ginning to [illegible] The fashion [illegible] hold among [illegible]

Ohio River.—At Pittsburg on Monday, there were nine and a half feet of water in the channel

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin; assisted by *James R. Smith, G. R. Comstock, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dent, E. Y. Jennings, F. J. Hawes and Geo. W. Beaver.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

JNO. F. JOHNSTON, assisted by *Eli M. Stevenson*, for Kentucky.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, O. H. P. Stem, William H. Wald, John B. Wald, E. B. Hussey, T. S. Waterman, and John Collins.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO PUBLISHERS.

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding ten dollars in amount) is deposited, must give a receipt to the person who deposited it, specifying the object, and the amount deposited. This receipt must be sent to the Publisher, who endorses and presents it to the Post Master where the money is payable.

The Post Master with whom the money is deposited, is also to report the amount paid to him, with the names of the parties, paying the same, and the newspaper or magazine for the payment of which it is deposited, to the Post Master through whom the same is to be paid to the Publisher.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

POST OFFICE, *Melton, Pa., September*, 15, 1845.
Received from *John Halsey*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," from which I have deducted one per cent. and charged myself with the amount thus paid me in my accounts with the Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publishers, on the presentation of this receipt properly endorsed.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

POST OFFICE, *Melton, Pa., September* 18, 1842.
To the Post Master at Philadelphia:
SIR.—I have this day received from *John Halsey*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," with which I have charged myself in my accounts with Government, agreeably to the Post Office regulations.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

Local Intelligence.

MEETING TO AID THE VOLUNTEERS.—Last Monday evening a meeting was held at the County Court House, for the purpose of raising funds to aid the volunteers who have tendered their services to the government in the war with Mexico. Frederick Stoever was called to the Chair, and Wm. Bonsall and T. B. Town were appointed Secretaries.

A series of resolutions were adopted in reference to the object of the meeting, and for the appointment of a committee to receive contributions from our citizens—the Mayor and Recorder of the city to be members of said committee.

The meeting was addressed by Col. J. J. McCahen, Captain Steel, Col. R. M. Lee, E. A. Penniman and Andrew Miller, Esq.

It was proposed that the committee to be appointed for raising funds, should sit daily in Independence Hall, to receive subscriptions and contributions. About $300 was subscribed on the spot, and a portion of the amount paid in.

DREADFUL AFFAIR.—A dreadful affair occurred in the early part of the week, in the southwestern part of the city. An Irish family, named Nott, occupied a room in a house at the rear of Chesnut street, near Beach. The mother, an intemperate woman, went out, leaving her two children, one a girl two years and a half old, and the other an infant ten months, locked up in the room, in which a fire was blazing. While she was gone the room was accidentally set on fire, the bed and furniture destroyed, and the eldest child burnt to death. The other child was shockingly burned, and was taken to the Hospital.

MEETING FOR IRISH RELIEF.—A meeting has been held in this city, and a Committee appointed, to raise money for the purchase of grain to distribute in the more destitute districts of Ireland. While we have but little confidence in the success of benevolent measures intended to operate at a distance of three thousand miles, and therefore necessarily to be entrusted to agents; we think that good always results from the display of brotherly feelings between distant nations, and therefore are pleased that such a meeting has taken place.

WILD PIGEONS.—Great numbers of these birds were to be seen the latter part of last week, flying over the lower part of the county, and some approached so near the thickly populated districts, that boys were shooting at them from the corner of Ninth and Carpenter streets. This is rather an unusual occurrence, and can be accounted for only on the supposition that they have been driven into the vicinity by the recent high winds from the westward.

INCREASE OF SPRING GARDEN.—During the past season there has been erected in Spring Garden, 328 three-story brick dwellings, which, with a number of four and two stories, including a church, planing-mill, steam saw mill, three factories, Native American Hall, brew house, &c., make an aggregate of about four hundred new buildings put up since last March.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.—The Mail Lines to Baltimore now leave this city from the Depot, Eleventh and Market streets, at 8 o'clock A. M. and 4 P. M., the 3 o'clock P. M. and 10 P. M. lines being discontinued. The boats have stopped running.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week were 82—44 adults and 38 children.

DANIEL WEBSTER.—Hon. Daniel Webster arrived in this city last Monday.

General News.

SEIZURE OF A CORPORATION'S PROPERTY.—Judgment having been recently rendered against the Second Municipality, New Orleans, in favor of Robb & Hoge, and the Bank of Louisiana, the Sheriff on the 19th ult. levied on a large amount of assets belonging to the Municipality. Among others, on all their ground rents, the new Hall and ground on which it stands, and the iron closet of the Comptroller, containing all the promissory notes and other evidences of debt, including those belonging to the sinking fund, and also on the money and other assets in the hands of the Treasurer. The amount of the judgments under which these seizures have been made, are, with back interest, about $180,000.

A COMPLIMENT.—Mr. Clay is to be presented, by the Whig young men of Auburn, with a curiously designed piece of furniture, combining with the comforts of an easy chair a perfectly finished writingdesk, containing several drawers for paper, &c., inkstand, gold pen, paper folder, sealing wax, sand and water boxes, a knife, an agate seal, and any other necessary article for writing. The back, seat and arms of the chair are covered with the richest figured damask silk. Everything about it is of American manufacture.

THE CONNELLSVILLE RAILROAD.—The Pittsburg Gazette of Saturday states that on the previous day the Directors of the Connellsville Railroad had withdrawn their corps of engineers from the line, and suspended operations for the present. The reason given for this step is the unaccountable delay and the provoking uncertainty which hang over all the movements of the Directors of the Baltimore Railroad.

NEW PAPER.—Dr Bailey, editor of the Herald, the Abolition paper at Cincinnati, announces the dissolution of his connection with it. He is succeeded by Mr Stanley Matthews. Dr. Bailey goes to Washington City to establish an Abolition paper there, entitled the National Era. J. G. Whittier, of Massachusetts, and A. A. Phelps, of New York, are to be assistant editors.

TREASON.—The New Orleans Bee of the 20th ult. says—"An individual named Parkenson, was arrested yesterday by the First Municipality Police, at the request of Midshipman J. H. Marsh, U. S. Navy, on a charge of treason. Parkenson is accused of holding intercourse with the Mexican Government;—he was delivered over to W. F. Wagner, U. S. Marshall."

APPLES.—At Hagerstown, apples are selling at 25 cents per bushel.

THE ANTI-RENTERS.—The following explanation of the purposes of this new party is from the N. Y. Tribune:

"We are confident," says that journal, "that no considerable portion of them ever expected to be relieved from the payment of rent until they shall have acquired a legal title to the lands they respectively cultivate, nor to acquire such title without paying the legal owners therefor." It is further added that "they expect of the State such legislation only as will tend to induce the landlords to sell on terms favorable to the settler and cultivator; instead of which the laws as they have been, in connection with the leases which these laws have sanctioned have tended to induce and encourage the landlord to hold on perpetually."

PORK PACKING.—Extensive arrangements are making at the West for hog slaughtering. Prices seem to be settling down at $2 50 per hundred weight. Madison, Indiana, prices were $2 39, Louisville, Covington, Cincinnati and Wheeling, opening price $2 50. R. W. Burbridge & Co., Chilicothe, have made a number of purchases at $2 00 and $2 50.

A NEW INVENTION.—The Cleveland Herald says that a gentleman of that city has invented a machine for drying flour, corn and meal, which is simple, cheap and effective. It can be adapted to any mill without alteration of any of its running-gear, or taking up more space than is now occupied for its machinery.

DON'T BELIEVE IT.—The Cincinnati Gazette states that Mr. Shoemaker, who has a farm in that vicinity, grew this season on five acres of land, Indian corn at the rate of 301 half bushels of ears an acre, or *one hundred and forty-seven bushels of shelled corn.*

Items of News.

A PHENOMENON.—We frequently hear of land slides from the brows of the mountains, but the entire disappearance of land is something novel. It is stated that four or five acres of land belonging to Mr. Ledyard on the east bank of the Cayuga Lake, sank a few days ago, and entirely disappeared.

THE CAPTURE OF TAMPICO.—Com. Perry requests the Picayune to correct an error which some of the papers made in announcing the capture of Tampico. The expedition against that city was commanded by Com. Conner in person, and Com. Perry was only second in command.

COMPENSATION.—The friends of Frederick Douglas, the runaway slave, who is now making such a prodigious sensation in England, have sent his master $750, his supposed value. We suppose the object is to prevent his being carried back at any time into slavery.

PROFITS OF AUTHORSHIP.—Boz will give another Christmas tale. He is said to be making fifteen thousand pounds a year. Literature is well paid for in Europe. Douglass Jerrold, who fifteen years ago was as poor as a church mouse, now rides in his carriage.

WHAT THEY SAY.—The beautiful engine of the Vigilant Fire Company, which was sent to Philadelphia to be repaired and generally improved, has arrived here, and is spoken of by competent judges as equal to any ever received in this city.—*Charleston Patriot.*

MEXICAN COIN.—Gen. Scott, to facilitate his operations and supply the immediate wants of the campaign, will, it is said, take with him to New Orleans half a million of Mexican dollars. The draft on New York will probably be for a hundred thousand.

WHISKERS.—An upholsterer in Montreal offers 12½ cents a pound for whiskers, to be used in making matresses. The offer, however, is not regarded favorably, being looked upon as a "shaving" speculation.

SPIRITED REPLY.—Governor Johnson's reply to the message from Commodore Perry was—"Tell the Commodore," said Governor Johnson, "that the Arsenal of the State is at the service of the gallant Navy."

THE MANUMITTED SLAVES.—The Randolph slaves have been distributed among some families in a part of Ohio, who are teaching them to read, and imparting to them habits of industry and frugality.

LEAD MINE.—The Farmington (Me.) Recorder states that a rich lead mine has been discovered in the adjoining town of Phillips, and learns that the metal can be melted from the ore in a common forge.

OFFICIAL CONTRADICTION.—The Washington Union contradicts *officially* the report that Mr. R. Dale Owen, of Indiana, had been appointed Minister to Brazil, in place of Mr. H. A. Wise.

MAIL ROBBER SENTENCED.—Hezekiah Kellar has been convicted, in the U. S. Court at Columbus, Ohio, of robbing the mail, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. He is a mere boy.

NEW INVENTION.—A Boston paper says that a Baltimore mechanic has invented an improvement in paddle-wheels, by which the Atlantic may be crossed in six days.

STARVING IRELAND.—A meeting to aid the sufferers in Ireland, was held in Washington City a few days since, the Mayor of the city, W. Seaton, Esq., presiding.

SHORT ALLOWANCE.—General Taylor says he can keep his men fifteen days on the smell of an oil rag! At Monterey they were kept three days on green corn.

DIVORCE.—The New York Sun says that Mr. Myers announces that he will apply to the Virginia Legislature for a divorce from his wife, Virginia Myers.

WHERE WAS SANTA ANNA!—A conducta of specie arrived at Vera Cruz on the 31st of October, with $300,000 in bars and $182,000 coined—in all $482,000.

FROST IN NEW ORLEANS.—The Picayune says there was quite a heavy white frost in that city, on the morning of the 23d ult., almost equal to a young snowfall.

THE MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT.—There are in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, at present, nine daily newspapers. Fifty years ago the place was a wilderness.

SQUIRREL HUNT.—The boys went out from this town to a hunt on Wednesday of last week, and killed *over one thousand squirrels.*—*Elyria, Ohio, Journal.*

THANKSGIVING SEASON.—*Fifty four tons of poultry* were sent to Boston over the Boston and Providence Railroad on Saturday week last, from Rhode Island.

DANGEROUS WORK.—Ampudia on the 9th ult., had a Mexican present shot for having carried a despatch for the Americans, and for alleged treason.

JOHN SMITH.—There are in the city of New York 101 persons having the name that heads this article, pursuing 55 different trades and professions.

POOR HOAX.—The report of an attempt to injure the noble telescope of Lord Rosse, is a fabrication. It is denied by respectable authority.

GUN COTTON.—The German Diet at Frankfort have voted Professor Schonbein 100,000 francs for his invention of gun cotton.

MAJOR VAN BUREN.—This gentleman, a son of the ex President, acted as aid to Gen. Taylor at the siege of Monterey.

GONE TO CUBA.—De Meyer and Burke have taken their departure for Cuba on a professional tour for three months.

THE LETTERS OF MARQUE.—There is no official news yet of the distribution of 300 letters of *marque* at the Havana.

DOGS.—The annual cost of feeding the dogs in the United States is said to be seven millions of dollars.

FROZEN OVER.—The canal at Pittsburg was frozen over on Friday last half an inch thick.

NEW HOUSE.—President Polk has purchased the fine residence of Judge Grundy, in Nashville.

FROZEN UP.—Fifty thousand barrels of flour are frozen up on the canals of New York.

SNOW.—Snow fell in Rochester on Wednesday week to the depth of 6 or 8 inches.

Bank Note List.

☞ Same as last week, with the exception of Havre de Grace Bank, ½ dis.

CHEAP LEATHER STORE, NO. 87 CHESNUT Street, between SECOND and THIRD Sts. Philadelphia. The subscriber has constantly on hand a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHERS, suitable for BOOT and SHOE MAKERS, SADDLERS, HARNESS and COACH MAKERS, BOOK BINDERS, HATTERS, &c.

Also, RED and OAK TAN SOLE LEATHER, and FRENCH CALF SKINS.
au 15-3m ANDREW R. CHAMBERS

INFLAMMATORY SORE THROAT, OR QUINSY, is an acute and sometimes highly dangerous complaint, and should be attended to in the early stage of the malady, as the slightest delay is often attended with serious consequences. *Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills* of the North American College of Health are the best medicine in the world for the cure of an inflammatory sore throat, because they not only purge from the body those humors which are the cause of every description of inflammation and swelling, but they suit all ages, and may be *administered without a moment's delay.* For a grown person from four to eight of *Indian Vegetable Pills* should be taken night and morning, until the urgent symptoms have abated, after which three or four pills taken once in twenty-four hours, will in a short time make a perfect cure.

The only security against imposition, is to purchase from no person unless he can show a certificate of Agency, or at the OFFICE and General Depot, No. 169 Race street, Philada. WILLIAM WRIGHT.

Offices, for the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail, No. 288 Greenwich street, New York, No. 198 Tremont street, Boston, and principal Office and General Depot, No. 169 RACE Street, Philadelphia.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Office of the Saturday Evening Post.
REVIEW FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 3.

FLOUR & MEAL.—The price of flour has declined 12½c per bbl since Tuesday week, and the receipts have been large. The want of vessels and the high rates of freight combined, prevent large transactions. Sales for export of 11,000 bbls at $4,87½, 4,81a4,75, and extra at $5a5,25, up to Saturday. Since sales at $4,75 for standard and fair mixed brands. For city use the demand is limited at $4,77a5, and extra at $5,12½a5,25. The market closed rather dull. Rye flour is scarce. Small sales at $3,87½. Corn meal has declined. Sales of 2400 bbls at $3,70 for Brandywine, and $3,62½a3,56¼ for Pa. meal.

GRAIN.—The great scarcity of vessels for Europe restricts the demand for wheat, and the supplies continue liberal. Sales of about 53,000 bushels this week at $1,03½a1,00 for prime and good red, and 90c for fair quality—$1,10a1,07½ for prime and good white, and $1,05a1,05 for red and white mixed; 3490 bushels common to good southern at 90a98c per bushel, afloat and in store. Pa. red wheat is held at $1a1,03, afloat. Rye—Sales of Pa. at 77a75, and inferior at 73 cts. Corn—But little old arriving, and the demand has fallen off for want of vessels to ship it. Sales of old Pa. round yellow at 71a70c, and flat at 69c; new yellow at 60 to 58, and mixed with red at 55c. Southern old yellow at 70c in store, 66a61 cts afloat; weavilly at 62½a60c, and new at 55a54c. A sale of old white at 65c. Oats—Sales of 12,000 bushels at 30a31½ for inferior and Virginia, and 31c for good southern.

PROVISIONS.—Stock light, and but little doing in salted provisions. A sale of 100 bbls good mess pork at $9,30 per bbl, cash. Prime is held at $9,50a8,75. Bacon—Sales of covered hams at 8c. Sides and shoulders are scarce. Lard is scarce and in request. Sales of 250 kegs at 7½c per lb. Butter—Sales in kegs at 8¼a9½; in tubs at 8½a10, and bbls at 8a11c; Glades and Goshen at 14a16c. Cheese—Sales at 8a8½c per lb.

AMERICAN FABRICS.—There is no new feature in the market worthy of notice, and business is quite inactive.

BARK.—Quercitron bark is taken on arrival at $26 per ton for 1st quality. Sales limited.

BEESWAX.—Sales of good yellow at 27c per pound, cash.

CANDLES.—Sperm have advanced. Sales of 150 boxes at 28c—now held at 28½a28 cts per lb. In tallow candles no change.

COAL.—Prices are steady and the season for canal navigation is probably over. The demand is less active for shipment, but prices are firm. Red ash and Lehigh broken at $4,25; Schuylkill white ash lump at $4 and broken $4,12½ per ton cash. No Bituminous coal arriving.

COCOA.—A sale of 50 bags St. Domingo at 6½ cts per pound.

COFFEE.—There has been more inquiry for coffee and the late advance is fully maintained. Sales of 2400 bags Laguayra, part at 7½a7¾ and part on terms not public; 700 Maracaibo prices secret, and 200 bags common Java at 7½c per lb, all on time.

COPPER.—Sales of sheathing copper at 22½c per lb.

COTTON.—Prices have declined fully ½c per pound, within a week, but there is a better feeling in the market and holders are firmer. Sales of 540 bales Upland and New Orleans at 9½a11½c per lb, principally at 10½a11c cash and time.

FEATHERS.—Sales of 4000 lbs good and prime western at 29a30c per lb, cash and time.

FRUIT.—The transactions in Malaga fruit continue on a very restricted scale and prices are unsettled. Sales of 3a400 bushels good dried peaches at $2,31½a2,50 per bushel for halves.

FISH.—The demand is limited and prices unchanged, but holders are firmer—prices having advanced to the eastward. A sale of 200 bbls; poor No. 1 at $8,12½ and No. 2 at $5,12½ per bbl on landing. Sales from store—No. 1 at $8,75, No. 2 at $5,75 and No. 3 at $4,50a5. Codfish at $3,12½a3,25 per 100 lbs.

GINSENG.—No sales have been reported.

HEMP.—Prices are firm. A sale of 70 bales at $98,50 per ton for dew rotted, on time.

HIDES.—A sale of 3000 Laguayra hides at about 9 cts per lb. The 6000 noted last week were sold at 8½c, 6 mos.

INDIGO.—Bengal is held firmly at an advance; sales of 14 chests at 84a90c per lb for Kurpah. No sales of Caraccas indigo; we quote 90a95c.

IRON.—Prices are fully supported for pig metal, and there has been a very fair demand for winter supplies. Sales of 500 tons in lots at $34a35 for No. 2, and $28 for No. 1 Anthracite; Charcoal Forge pig at $25,25a27, and foundry at $29a31 per ton; 1500 tons Anthracite sold on private terms. In blooms, bar and plate iron the sales have been limited, at steady rates.

LEAD.—Pig lead to arrive is held at 4½c cash. A sale of 300 pigs in store at 4½c, cash.

LUMBER.—Sales of Susquehanna yellow pine boards at $14a15 per M feet. A cargo sale of eastern laths at $3,25 per M.

NAVAL STORES.—The market continues rather quiet. Sales of 500 bbls rosin—common at 65, and No. 1 at $1,75 per bbl. 100 bbls pitch at $1. Tar in lots at $2,50 per bbl. Spirits of turpentine in parcels at 58a55 cts cash. A sale of 50 bbls at the latter price.

OILS.—Fish oil continue in good demand and prices are well supported. Sales of 200 bbls whale at 10 cts, part to arrive; 1500 gallons bleached whale at 48 cents. Sales of sperm at $1,10a1,15 for winter and $1a1,05 for fall, unbleached and bleached. A sale of 1000 gallons lard oil at 70c, on time. Linseed oil continues inactive at 56a60c.

PLASTER.—No arrivals and no cargo sales. We quote $2,50a2,44 per ton.

RICE.—Supplies increasing, and prices have declined. Sales of 140 tcs at 4½c per lb, cash and time.

SALT.—No cargo sales have transpired.

SEEDS.—Good cloverseed is scarce and in request. Sales of 250 bushels at $4a4,37½ per bushel for fair and prime free. Flaxseed—Sales at $1,32a1,34 per bushel.

SPICES.—No sales of any extent.

SPIRITS.—Fine old brandy maintains full rates, but other kinds have declined, and prices are unsettled. Gin—Fish is held at $1,35. N. E. Rum sells slowly at 28c in bbls. Whiskey—Has declined. Sales of 300 bbls at 22½a22c. Sales in hhds at 21½a20c.

SUGAR.—The sales have been restricted, and the market is very bare of Muscovado sugar in second hands, and none in first. Sales of 190 boxes Havana at 8½c for white and 7½ for brown. A small lot of new crop New Orleans sugar has been received from New York, and sold at 8¼ cents per lb. The accounts of the new crop of sugar this year are unfavorable from Louisiana.

TALLOW.—Sales of city at 8½a8c per lb.

TEAS.—No recent sales of any extent to test the present value of teas.

TOBACCO.—Sales of 45 hhds Kentucky leaf at 2½a5½ cts per lb; 50 bales Havana at 23c, on time.

WINES.—No sales worthy of special notice.

WOOL.—The stock of wool is unusually light, and prices have slightly advanced. Sales of 40,000 lbs in parcels, of which 12,000 lbs were prime Saxony at 32a35c per lb, 6 mos. Sales of good tub washed at 22½a24½c, ¾ blood at 25a25½ and full blood at 28c per lb, cash and time.

FREIGHTS.—To Europe there is a good enquiry for vessels and 5s per bbl is freely paid for flour and 16d for wheat. Some vessels are held for higher rates—it is difficult to obtain vessels at present.

COAL FREIGHTS.—Vessels are much wanted to to load for eastern ports, and prices have further advanced. We quote to Boston $2,25a2,31½; Providence and Fall River $2,15a2,20; N. York and New Jersey City $1,50a1,60; Albany and Troy $1,25a2,00; Baltimore $1,12½a1,15, and to Washington, D. C., $1,70a1,75 per ton.

SALES OF STOCKS.

290 shares	Vicksburg Bank,	6½a7
122 do.	Girard Bank,	9½
100 do.	Reading R. R.	31½
100 do.	United States Bank,	3½
$172	Lehigh Interest,	51
$3000	Sch. Nav. Co. 6's, 1865, b5,	81
$3000	Chesa. & Del. Canal Loan,	103
$2000	Reading R. R. Bonds,	73½
$1000	Penna 5's,	69
$1000	Reading R. R. 6's,	73½

CATTLE MARKETS.

New York, Nov 30.—At market 4450 beef cattle, (300 from the south) 80 cows and calves; 3000 sheep and lambs. Beef Cattle—There has been a fair business doing during the week at prices fully equal to those quoted in our last report, $1,50 to 6,75. About 300 unsold.—Sheep and lambs are in moderate demand at steady prices. Sheep $1 to 4, lambs 75 cts to $2,50; 500 left over. Cows and calves are plentier, and command from $20, 25 to $40.

Baltimore, Nov. 27.—Beef Cattle—The arrivals have been quite large and the market animated; prices about as last week. The offerings at the scales on Monday comprised 1500 head, of which 846 were taken by packers; 184 by butchers; and 100 head remains over unsold. Prices ranged from $4,47½ to 2,87½ per 100 lbs on the hoof, equal to $4,25a5,50 nett, and averaging about $2,50 gross. Hogs—The supply is fair and the demand active, at $4,77½ to 4,50 per 100 lbs.

Richmond, Nov 24.—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $2,25a2,50; nett $4,50a5,00, according to quality. Mutton—$3,00a4,00—scarce and in demand. Hogs—Live $4½a5 00.

COMMUNICATION.—A CURE FOR WORMS—*Harrisburg, Ohio, Aug 7th*, 1846. Dr. D. Jayne.—Dear Sir: Last Saturday morning, I found my youngest son quite out of his head—very flighty and deranged, and continued so all day, till after night. On Sunday morning I commenced giving him your TONIC VERMIFUGE, and before 6 o'clock he discharged thirteen large worms, and I believe, to speak within bounds, that he passed more than five hundred small white worms, some not more than one fourth of an inch long. On Monday his fever left him, and he is now quite well. All your medicines, so far as I have heard, have given satisfaction. Yours, &c., RICHARD GRIFFING, P. M.

This valuable medicine may be had at No. 8 South Third street. sep 19 tf

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 24th to the 30th November.

November 24, received from			
Dr. Thompson	$5 00	S. A. Roberts	2 00
J. McClure	2 00	W. G. Borton	2 00
A. Wence	1 00	S. W. Pence	2 00
Rev. J. A. Reed	2 00	C. Colver	4 00
W. Sharp	5 00	A. T. Lukens	2 00
Jas. W. Scott	20 00	S. R. Moore	2 00
G. F. Stevens	10 00	Miss T. B. Green	3 00
A. E. McCloes	15 00	C. L. Mullen	2 00
Jas. Easton 2d	2 00	R. W. Maull	2 00
F. Gilkey	2 00	S. C. Alton	2 00
Jas. Cole	2 00	P. D. Shell	4 00
J. Gunkle	2 00	A. K. Bell	2 00
J. G. Wise	5 00		
November 25.			
Jos. S. Borie	2 00	"Richards"	2 00
J. Lambert	2 00	J. Butler	2 00
L. Day	2 00	W. B. Windley	2 00
T. Davis	2 00	Mrs. E. L. Rowland	2 00
J. Bartlett	2 00	R. Solomon	5 00
Jas. M. Davison	2 00	Jas. Fennell	6 00
W. H. Williams	2 00	Jas. Miller	2 00
S. H. Williams	2 00	C. Todd	2 00
Miss E. Abbott	8 00	Dr. T. C. Cross	2 00
W. B. Affleck	5 00	S. R. Moland	20 00
M. A. Jenkins	10 00	P. G. Carlton	10 00
W. W. Young	5 00	C. W. Norton	6 00
T. Donovan	5 00	A. G. Loton	4 00
D. Cox	2 00		
November 27.			
J. L. Wheaton	2 00	Jas. L. Bond	2 00
J. S. Abrahams	2 00	S. H. Golden	2 00
J. Grigg	2 00	Miss Nancy Robins	8 00
A. Crozier	2 00	T. Moore	3 00
M. Thompson	1 00	J. C. Perry	7 00
Jas. Cooper	2 00	J. Williams & Co.	5 00
A. Groves, Jr.	2 00	L. Withers	5 00
A. Groves	2 00	J. C. Frakes	2 00
S. Grant	2 00	A. Cline	2 00
J. Hudson	2 00	W. Wilson	2 00
H. S. Ohl	2 00	G. T. Clark	2 00
S. W. Aarons	10 00	K. Hager	2 00
F. B. Austin	2 31	O. H. P. Stem	32 00
W. McLaughlin, Jr.	6 00	J. McCarter	4 00
H. Neel	2 00	R. Covell, Jr.	2 00
C. C. Wagner & Co.	10 00	Dr. J. Hittell	2 00
C. Morse	2 00	J. B. Jones	20 00
Munn & Co.	2 00	C. T. Tully	5 00
Elmer Morse	4 00	A. B. Mooney	2 00
November 28.			
J. W. Eberr	2 00	A. C. Brinton	5 00
J. Culbert	2 00	G. W. Lisle	20 00
B. D. Deaver & Co.	11 00	C. S. Parrish	2 00
G. Mumma	2 00	R. McMakin	2 00
G. F. Taylor	1 00	N. D. McIntosh	2 00
P. R. Cole	3 00	R. C. Harmon	5 00
S. Pimm	2 00	D. A. Denny	2 00
J. Glass	2 00	S. W. Bullock	2 00
H. P. Williams	2 00	P. D. Roach	4 00
D. E. Hood	2 00	M. T. Brunner	2 00
J. Constable	1 00	L. R. Painter	2 00
J. S. Miller	2 00	C. C. Worrall	5 00
Miss C. B. Hall	2 00	D. S. Phillips	2 00
November 30.			
J. Konigmacher	2 00	Jas. Montgomery	8 00
Miss S. Konigmacher	2 00	H. G. Wright	4 00
J. Konigmacher for advtg.	10 00	Jas. S. Oden	2 00
S. A. Mitchell	1 00	E. W. Parker	5 00
P. S. Duval	1 50	R. N. Green	2 00
P. Frazier	4 00	W. A. Blanchard	4 00
Rev. J. C. Bruce	2 00	Col. J. Devlin	2 00
J. M. Herrick	5 00	J. Roberts	2 60
Jane Scudder	2 00	D. D. Jones	20 00
Prosper Prior	2 00	A. P. Carter	2 00
R. Morton	2 00	N. C. Dutton	2 00
Dr. N. Tolles	5 00	C. S. Irons	4 00

BEST OF THE MAGAZINES!!!

LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR 1847.

EDITED BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

THE UNRIVALLED INCREASE in this magazine for 1846, *exceeding that of any cotemporary*, proves it to be *the best magazine for ladies!!*

AS A FASHIONABLE MONTHLY for the sex, it stands first in the United States: its fashions being the *real* Philadelphia and New York ones, *but issued in advance.*

AS A FAMILY MAGAZINE also it is invaluable. To render fiction useful is the great aim of the work: hence its *domestic stories* are pronounced by the press and the public unequalled in truth and merit.

AS A PICTORIAL WORK it is without a superior: more *superb mezzotints* having appeared in it for 1846 than in any other periodical.

FOR CHEAPNESS AND MERIT COMBINED, it has no parallel. At two dollars we furnish a periodical rivalling the three dollar ones in elegance, and infinitely more useful to the sex. Our success in this reduction of price is owing to a rigid *adherence to the cash system and to payments in advance from all subscribers.*

☞ IMPROVEMENTS FOR 1847. ☜

The new volume will begin with the January number, which will contain TWO PRIZE MEZZOTINTS, unequalled in their way: one by Sartain, and one by Gross. The mezzotint by Sartain is pronounced by himself, and by all artists, the BEST EVER ENGRAVED IN THIS COUNTRY. The fashion plate, the literary contents, &c., will make the January number equal to an Annual, and a subscription the most fitting present for Christmas or New Year!

GREAT HISTORICAL PICTURES.

For next year we have obtained several fine pictures of revolutionary and other historical scenes. The first of these, "Serjeant Jasper rescuing the American Prisoners," TOOK THE PRIZE at the New York exhibition, and has been mezzotinted expressly for us.

DOMESTIC AND SCRIPTURAL SCENES.

In addition, we have several splendid scriptural engravings, as also scenes of Domestic Life, chiefly from *original Pictures.* These are all ready, and having been shown to artists, are pronounced the best series, for merit and variety, ever collected by any publisher. In the pictorial line, therefore, we assert boldly *we shall excel all cotemporaries for 1847!*

SPLENDID LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We shall give several literary novelties also—among others a story of Virginia, the period that of the Revolution, *illustrated by mezzotints.* This story treads on ground hitherto untouched, viz: the domestic life of the Old Dominion in 1776; and contains several stirring chapters of the war. We pronounce, it will be sought after every where, and with its illustrations will form the great magazine novelty of 1847!!!

A FLORAL DEPARTMENT.

We shall give the ladies, next year, a complete floral dictionary: also a floral department, comprising the habits of such flowers as are suitable for this climate, or for parlor growth. An eminent horticulturist will assist us in rendering this department as complete as possible.—Everything new also in the way of *household receipts, embroidery or needle work*, will find place with us:—so that the magazine will be a complete *vade mecum* for the fair sex.

ALL THE BEST WRITERS.

Every article in this magazine is original, and from the best writers of the country. The publisher, in conjunction with Mrs. Stephens, will continue to edit the magazine!

Besides these, all the best authors of the country will add to the variety of our pages, and make this periodical the head quarters of American literature.

FASHIONS FROM PARIS.

This magazine has always been the best guide for the fashions, which we get in advance. What we publish are the *real* fashions—such as are to be worn in New York and Philadelphia! *The costumes are selected, engraved and colored for us a month ahead of all rivals.* To each plate is added a full letter press description, besides information on all the latest styles. No lady, much less a professional dress-maker, should be without this work. But on this point we need say nothing more:—every one knows that the Ladies' National Magazine is, in our eastern cities, the TEXT BOOK of Fashion!

TERMS.

By a rigid adherence to the Cash System, we are enabled to publish this magazine at the lowest rates compatible with merit, viz: TWO DOLLARS A YEAR. To induce large numbers to subscribe in the same neighborhood, we offer the following terms to Clubs:

3 copies,	$5,00	7 copies,	$10,00
5 copies,	$7,50	16 copies,	$20,00

PREMIUMS.

To repay persons for getting up Clubs, we offer the following premiums: For each club of three, or a club of five, our "ANNUAL OF PLATES" for 1847. For a club seven, or for a club of sixteen, either the Annual, or an extra copy of the magazine. A specimen number sent, when desired. *Address, post paid,*

CHARLES J. PETERSON,
No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

N. B. 1 copy of the Post and 2 copies of the magazine for $5,00, or 2 copies of the Post and 6 of the magazine for $10,00 if no premium is asked. nov 21-3eow

CHEERING NEWS FOR CONSUMPTIVES. Miss JULIA A. WOODFORD, says, in a letter to DR. JAYNE, dated, NAUGATUCK, Conn., Sept. 30, 1846:

"I am using your ALTERATIVE with good effect for a Scrofulous Affection under which I have been suffering for the last ten years." And after describing her situation, goes on to say:—"We have used a great deal of your medicines in my father's family, and have known them to make great cures. About five years since my brother was very sick with what was supposed to be CONSUMPTION. The best physician in the place was called in, (we were then in Cabotville, Mass.,) and he came, I do not know just how long, but for a great many days, and brought with him other physicians—but still he grew worse. They at last gave him over, said they could do nothing more for him—THAT HE MUST DIE. We watched over him hour after hour, expecting that every breath would be his last. At length one night a gentleman called to see him, and spoke of Dr. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, said he thought he was too far gone to live, but that there could be no harm in trying it. The same night we sent to Springfield and obtained a bottle, and commenced giving it to him, with but little hopes of its having any effect. His physician called next day at his usual hour, and the moment he entered the room pronounced him better. We sent for more of the Expectorant, and gave him that *and nothing else* until he was entirely cured. He took twenty-seven bottles, and his health has been better since than it was before his sickness. He is now in Hopkinsville, Ky., attending to his business.

Respectfully yours, JULIA A. WOODFORD."

The medicines are for sale at No. 8 South THIRD Street, Philadelphia. oct 31 tf

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE SALE OF MITCHELL'S MAPS.—The subscriber wishes to engage, in the sale of his Maps and publications, a number of active men of moral and industrious habits. Having recently furnished new and greatly improved editions of nearly all his works, he is now well prepared to supply Agents. A capital of from $50 to $300 will be necessary, and a certain district of country will be assigned to each Agent. Please address
sep 12-6m S. AUGUSTUS MITCHELL,
N. E. corner of Market and Seventh streets, Philada.

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT may be cured with *certainty*, and at a trifling expense, by taking every night at bedtime, two or three of JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS, and a dose of either the ALTERATIVE or VERMIFUGE three times a day. This treatment *never fails to cure.* ☞ For sale at No. 8 South Third street. sep 19 tf

ALMANAC.

Dec 1846	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
5 SATURDAY,	7 21	4 39	3 40	
6 SUNDAY,	7 21	4 39	4 16	D. H. M.
7 MONDAY,	7 22	4 38	4 53	
8 TUESDAY,	7 22	4 38	5 30	
9 WEDNESDAY,	7 23	4 37	6 8	Full 2 3 46
10 THURSDAY,	7 23	4 37	6 55	Last 10 4 15
11 FRIDAY,	7 23	4 37	7 50	New 18 7 41
12 SATURDAY,	7 24	4 36	8 54	First 25 1 35

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Nov. 22,	41	52	54
23,	40	42	43
24,	40	46	49
25,	44	49	42
26,	30	32	32
27,	27	33	35
28,	41	49	55

Married,

On the 26th ult by Ald. C. Reeves, Mr. JOHN MARSHALL, of Cape May, N. J. to Miss EDITH JOHNSON, of Burlington county, N. J.

On the 26th ult. at Grace Church, by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, D. D., JAMES H. STRATTON, to ANNA E. BUCK.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. H. Bibighaus, Mr. J. K. BROOKE, to MARGARETTA daughter of J. C. Benfee, all of Philadelphia.

On the 14th ult. by the Rev. C. Denfield, Mr. ROBT. BURNS, to Miss MARY ANN LEACH, both of Philadelphia.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Francis Hodgson, Mr. WM. HENRY MURPHY, to Miss SARAH ANN KORNDAFFER, all of this city.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. D. Dodge, JAS. H. MILLER, to MARGARETTA KENSIL, both of Philadelphia.

On the 22d ult. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. CHARLES A. MEURER, to Miss SARAH A. PETTIT, all of the Northern Liberties.

On the 7th of Sept. by the same, Mr. JOHN M. PORTER, to Miss MARY M. KRIDLER, all of Philadelphia.

On the 26th ult. by Rev. Mr. Suddards, GEORGE W. FOX, of this city, to Miss ANGELINA GORDON, of Trenton, N. J.

Died,

On the 29th ult. Mrs SARAH HOWEY, aged 37 years.
On the 29th ult. Mrs. ELIZABETH WATSON, aged 31.
On the 29th ult. Mrs. EMELINE FAUNCE, aged 20.
On the 29th ult. Mr. GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Printer, aged 27 years.
On the 28th ult. FREDERICK SAMUEL, aged 45 years.
On the 28th ult. Mrs. DOROTHY YOUNG, aged 83.
On the 28th ult. ROBERT P. CROSBY, aged 28 years.
On the 27th ult. Mrs. HANNAH B. McCOWEN.
On the 29th ult. aged 76 years, Mr. HUGH EARLY.
On the 27th ult. PHEBE B. wife of Allen R. Pharo.
On the 29th ult. JANE, daughter of Joseph and Mary Anderson, aged 11 months and 14 days.
On the 28th ult. Mrs. MARY KIMSEY, aged 85 years.
On the 27th ult. DINA BAKER, aged 4 years.
On the 29th ult. JOHN HARRON, aged 34 years.
On the 28th ult. Mrs. CATHARINE GILBERT, aged 31.
On the 29th ult. GEORGE KNAPP, son of George A. and Mary Baker, aged 3 years.
On the 27th ult. EMILY, wife of Thomas Jordan.
On the 26th ult. Mrs. SUSAN N. GREEN, aged 60.
On the 26th ult. GEORGE KUHL, aged 27 years.
Suddenly, on the 26th ult. DANIEL RYAN, aged 28.
On the 27th ult. JONATHAN C. MARKEL, aged 22.
On the 26th ult. JOHN ISARD, aged 9 years.
On the 26th ult. Mrs. ELIZABETH WHITE, aged 61.
On the 25th ult. Miss BARBARA ANN HAAS, aged 22.
On the 27th ult. REBECCA ANN, daughter of Thomas F. and Sarah F. Pickering, aged 10 years and 5 months.
On the 27th ult. Mrs. MARGARET WITSIL, aged 40.
Suddenly, on the 24th ult. GEORGE P. BONWIN, aged 68.
On the 27th ult. Miss MARY CATHARINE, daughter of Mr. Joseph C. and Mary Ann Clayton, aged 3 years, 1 month and 23 days.
On the 27th ult. EDWARD BAKER, aged 7 years.
In Louisville, Ky. on the 20th ultimo, Mr. THOMPSON BOYLAN, of this city.
On the 27th ult. Mrs. ELIZA SMILEY, aged 50 years.
At Frankford, on the 26th ult. JOHN J. PREVOST, aged 69 years.
On the 29th ult. MARY, wife of Samuel Keith, aged 65 years.

LITERARY NOVELTIES FOR THE COMING SEASON.

GEORGE S. APPLETON, 148 Chesnut street, is now receiving by every steamer that arrives, large additions to his stock of Oxford Bibles, elegantly embellished and illustrated works, suitable for the approaching season. All the novelties issued from the American press—also, are received on the day of their publication, thus rendering his assortment fully equal, if not superior, for richness and variety, to any other.

Amongst the latest issues are—

The London Art Union Prize Annual, containing 275 engravings of pictures by the most eminent modern artists; el gantly bound.

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*** A sample copy of this work, which will be ready for delivery about the 6th of December, can be seen at the store.

Heath's Keepsake for 1847, with 13 highly finished plates; rich crimson silk.

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Ackermann's Forget-Me-Not for 1847, with highly finished engravings; elegantly bound.

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Also all the Annuals, embracing Leaflets of Memory; The Opal; The Evergreen; Diadem; Floral Offering; Bouquet; Boudoir Annual; Rose; Gift of Friendship; Hyacinth; Friendship's Offering; Mayflower; Floral Year; Christian Keepsake; Amaranth, &c., &c.

Oxford edition of the Bible, and the American editions of the Prayer, in an endless variety of style and price including morocco and velvet with clasps. It

ROOT'S DAGUERREOTYPE GALLERY.—FAMILY JEWELS. These are my jewels, said the Roman matron of her children. How beautiful such jewels are now pictured by the new improvements in Daguerreotype which gives the most life-like delineations of the form and features. These portraits, especially in family groups, are of touching interest from the minute and perfect resemblance, and the exquisite softness, delicacy and beauty of the pictures. As mere gems of art they are inestimable while as true likeness of the loved, the lost and the absent, they are literally "pictures set in gold," and, as presents for friends or relatives, or the family, they are jewels beyond all price. [dec 5 tf

The latest improvements in apparatus, and materials with instructions in the art guaranteed at the Chemical and Scientific Daguerreotype Laboratory of

M. A. ROOT, 140 Chesnut St., 3 doors below 5th.

THE LATEST AND CHEAPEST MAP OF MEXICO.—The subscriber has just published a New Map of Mexico, including Yucatan and Upper California, exhibiting the chief Cities and Towns, the principal travelling Routes, &c., size 25 by 17 inches. Six copies of this Map in sheets folded for the pocket will be forwarded by mail for one dollar. The postage will not exceed 2½ cents per copy to any part of the United States. S. AUGUSTUS MITCHELL,

Map Establishment North East corner of Market and Seventh streets, Philadelphia. dec 5-4t*

JUST PUBLISHED.

A CHRISTMAS BOX FOR THE *SONS and DAUGHTERS OF TEMPERANCE*

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This story represents a family celebrating Christmas on three successive years.

First—with "*BRANDY EGG NOG!*"
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Third—with "*ADAM'S ALE!*"

It is printed on good paper, and bound in a neat lithographic cover, printed in colors. Single copies 37½ cts. Three copies for $1,00. nov 28 4t

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WANTED.—A number of active MEN, to go South and West, some in the New England States, to act as AGENTS for the sale of New and Popular Works, $300 per year profits, over and above their expenses will be insured them, with an opportunity of clearing $1000 per year, and more if they are active. Some men now in our employ will no doubt make over $1000 per year, clear of all expenses, and there are chances for others to do the same. Each man will have his district, and it will be necessary for them to have at least $25 to $50, to obtain a good fitting out. Apply at WINCH'S PUBLISHING HALL, No. 118 CHESNUT Street, up stairs. All letters must be post paid. nov 28 3t*

WHO WANTS EMPLOYMENT!—AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN AND COUNTY THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES, to obtain subscribers to, and dispose of one of the most valuable and important books ever published. Men of good address and business capacity, may clear from $500 to $1000 per annum. *All letters, to receive attention, must come*, POSTAGE PAID. For particulars, address

nov 8 1m] G. B. ZIEBER & Co., Publishers, Phila., Pa.

A VOLUNTEER WITNESS FOR JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.—John Van Valkenburgh, Esq. writes to Dr. Jayne, Sept. 28th, 1846, and says: I would cheerfully accept of an Agency for the sales of your Family Medicines, because I feel satisfied, that if I had not taken your EXPECTORANT, I should before this day, been in my grave. In the month of August, 184 , I had a very severe attack of Typhus Fever and Inflammation of my Lungs, which reduced me very low. In a few days after my fever had left me I began to gain strength, I had a bad cough, and raised large quantities of matter from my lungs or stomach. As my strength increased, my cough also increased. I told my physician that I wanted to take your Expectorant. He thought it was not best. He made some Syrup for my cough, which I took for two or three weeks, but it done me no good. My cough still increased so much, that my stomach and lungs felt as if they were all raw, there was such a soreness. I raised a very large amount, and it appeared to me that I was as bad off as many people I have seen in the last stages of Consumption. I finally concluded that I had the Consumption, and that I could not live but a short time. I, therefore, determined to be my own physician. I sent to Catskill for half a dozen bottles of your Expectorant, and commenced taking it, and in less than twenty-four hours there was quite a change in my feelings, and before I had taken two bottles of it I was restored to my usual health.

I sold two or three bottles of it to a lady in this place. She has told me within two weeks that she believes that it had been the means of saving her life. If you think what I have stated to be worth publishing, you are at liberty to do so. Respectfully yours,

JOHN VAN VALKENBURGH, P. M.
Lexington, Greene county, N. Y.

The EXPECTORANT is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 8 South THIRD st. Philada. oct 31 tf

HIGHLY IMPORTANT NEWS FROM THE SOUTH.—The following is part of a letter to from a very respectable mercantile house, dated

WASHINGTON, Rappahannock Co. Va.,
May 20th, 1846.

DEAR SIR:—Our Mr. Jones has been in a very low state of health for more than a year—he has had the benefit of the best medical advice our county affords, and also visited your city, during last summer, but found no relief—On the 17th of April last we purchased half dozen bottles of your TONIC VERMIFUGE, and half dozen boxes of SANATIVE PILLS. Through carelessness in packing the articles in a dry goods box one half the Vermifuge was broken. Mr. Jones commenced with the Pills, and after taking a *few doses* felt a decided improvement. The three bottles of Vermifuge, which come safe to hand, brought from him, he thinks, not less than ONE THOUSAND WORMS, and perhaps many more. He is now in better health than he has been in for years, and we hope a few more bottles of your Vermifuge and Pills will effect a permanent cure. All our physicians have entirely mistaken his case, Professor Samuel Jackson, of your city, at the head. As to our responsibility, we have to refer you to Messrs. Inskip, Mohen & Woodruff, Silk house, Market near 4th street, and to Hieskell, Hoskins & Co., corner of 5th and Market streets. Mr. Jones is most anxious to get more of your Pills and Vermifuge as soon as possible. Respectfully, J. B. JONES & Co.

Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 8 South THIRD st., Phila. [jy 4 tf

☞ *A Pictorial Description of the United States.* ☜

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST!—NEW PROSPECTUS FOR THE YEAR 1847.

Forty-eight large octavo pages and FIFTEEN ENGRAVINGS in each number. Published on the first of every month.

FOURTH VOLUME COMMENCES in Jan., 1847.

The No. for January contains a "Pictorial Description of the State of OHIO," elegantly illustrated with *American Views &c., &c.*; and is now ready to go by mail.

☞ The February No. will contain a Pictorial Description of NORTH AND SOUTH CAROLINA.

☞ The March No. will contain GEORGIA AND ALABAMA.

☞ Other States will appear in the succeeding numbers of the magazine for 1847, until the whole is completed.

ROBERT SEARS,
128 Nassau street, New York,

Will hereafter furnish his new

PICTORIAL AND ILLUSTRATED
FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR 1847,

In all respects equal to the Three-Dollar Magazines, at the low price of *only one dollar and a half per annum.*

Any person sending *Five Dollars* shall receive *five copies* of the magazine for one year, as he shall direct.

All subjects which will admit of it, will be illustrated with engravings. The whole number of the engravings at the conclusion of the volume will amount to several hundred.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS TO SUBSCRIBE.

We offer to all persons becoming subscribers, a copy of our new work, just published, entitled the

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Containing 262 Views of the Principal Cities, Towns, Castles, Abbeys, Costumes, &c., &c., of the Fatherland: a larger number of Engravings than can be found in any book of double the price—or to those who prefer it, the

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

(Embellished with an original portrait of Washington, by Chapman, and more than 160 other engravings, 430 pp. 8vo.) for every new subscriber, with *two dollars* enclosed free of postage.

Any person procuring *ten* subscribers, and sending *eleven dollars*, shall receive *ten copies* of the magazine, and any one of the above popular works, sent as he shall direct.

We have authority under the new Post Office law, to send any one of the above works, by mail. The postage will not exceed 25 cents to any part of the United States.

☞ *NOTICE TO PURCHASERS OF NUMBERS, which can be mailed to any part of the United States for 4 cents postage.*—In consequence of the unprecedented demand for Nos. of the above magazine, the proprietor has determined to sell single copies to all who may wish it. The price of the "Pictorial Description of OHIO" is only 12½ cents per copy, or ten copies will be sent for one dollar. NORTH and SOUTH CAROLINA, 25 cents per copy, or five copies for one dollar; and all Nos. containing two States will be charged at this rate. ☞ Those who subscribe for the year will effect a great saving, and we would advise all to do so who are fond of good reading, and plenty of Pictures. No magazines are sent out without the cash accompanying the order, post paid.

Letters enclosing remittances must be post paid in full. The silver change for a single copy, or for three or four copies, may be thus remitted, (*postage paid*,) at our risk; but when you send silver, please envelope it carefully in a *half sheet* of writing paper, so that it will not slip out, and so that it will be subject to only *single* postage.

☞ All orders should specify distinctly the town, county, and State, where the Magazine is to be forwarded, and should be addressed (*post-paid*) to ROBERT SEARS,
128 Nassau street, New York.

☞ Any Newspaper in the United States, copying the above advertisement, and giving it one insertion, shall receive their pay in copies of the above numbers, as soon as we receive the paper, with the advertisement marked. It

THE NEW YORK SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, a large and handsome weekly journal, published in quarto form by MUNN & CO. Each number is furnished at a heavy expense, with from THREE to SIX ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS, illustrative of NEW INVENTIONS, Scientific Principles, Curiosities, &c., and contains as much interesting intelligence as six ordinary daily papers, consisting of notices of MECHANICAL and SCIENTIFIC IMPROVEMENTS, American and Foreign Inventions, Scientific Essays on Mechanics, CHEMISTRY, ARCHITECTURE, Curious Experiments, Miscellany, Poetry, INSTRUCTION in various ARTS and TRADES; Hints on THE FARM, building, &c.

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HARPER'S PICTORIAL BIBLE.

DAVID W. GIHON, BOOK BINDER, No. 98 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, has had engraved, a series of splendid and appropriate designs, forming together a *MAGNIFICENT SIDE PLATE*, expressly for embellishing the covers of *HARPER'S ILLUSTRATED BIBLE*, and is prepared to bind that handsome work in a very superior manner, in *Calf, Turkey Morocco, or Sheep, with Gilt, Marbled or Sprinkled Edges.*

Those who have obtained this beautiful publication, and desire to have it bound in a style corresponding with its internal appearance, are respectfully referred to the following Editorial Notices, extracted from the editorial columns of the newspapers of this city.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

ELEGANT BINDING.—We were shown, yesterday, an elegantly bound Bible, one of Harper's edition, which reflects credit upon the taste and skill of the workmen. The binding was executed by D. W. Gihon, No. 98 Chestnut Street. The embellishments are very appropriate, being representations from Bible history.—*Native Eagle.*

A SPLENDIDLY BOUND BIBLE.—Yesterday a gentleman brought into our office a volume of Harper's Illustrated Bible, bound in the most splendid manner. The style Turkey morocco, embossed with gold. Each side contains nine scriptural illustrations, and the back is also superbly embellished. The whole reflects the highest credit upon the binder, Mr. David W. Gihon, No. 98 Chestnut Street, who has by numerous and elegant specimens of superior work, established quite a high reputation in his truly useful art.—*Pennsylvania Inquirer.*

HARPER'S BIBLE.—Mr. David W. Gihon, Bookbinder, No. 98 Chestnut Street, has shown us a copy of this handsome work bound by him in the most beautiful manner, in Turkey morocco, with gilt edges. He has had prepared and engraved expressly for it a magnificent side plate, consisting of a number of appropriate emblematical designs, formed from no less than *one hundred and twenty* separate brass dies. This handsome plate transferred in gold to the sides of the book gives it an unusually rich and elegant appearance.

Mr. Gihon deserves much credit and a liberal encouragement for his enterprise in this costly undertaking.—*Sun.*

HARPER'S BIBLE.—We were shown, yesterday, a copy of Harper's Bible, bound by Mr. David W. Gihon, bookbinder, No. 98 Chestnut Street, which reflects much credit on that enterprising gentleman. The Bible is bound in Turkey morocco, with gilt edges, in a most superb manner, and contains on the outside covering emblematical designs from scripture, giving the edition an unusually rich and beautiful appearance. It must be seen to be appreciated.—*Keystone.*

SPLENDID BINDING.—We have seen Harper's Illustrated and Illuminated Bible, bound by Mr. David W. Gihon, No. 98 Chestnut Street, which is as elegant a specimen of that art as is the work itself of typographical perfection. The dies, which have been prepared expressly to illustrate the Harper's edition of the Bible, are elegant and appropriate, and are in perfect keeping with the vignette illustrations of the work itself.—*North American.*

BEAUTIFUL WORK OF ART.—We have examined with much pleasure, a plate finished by Messrs. Gaskill & Cooper, of this city, for David W. Gihon, book binder, No. 98 Chestnut Street. It is especially designed as a side plate for embellishing the covers of *Harper's Illustrated Bible*, and is made up of a series of illustrations and scenes from the Scriptures, among which we notice The Creation, David and his Harp, Abraham's Sacrifice, The Seven Candlesticks, and the Ten Commandments, The Good Shepherd, The Wood of Life, The Virgins, &c., &c.

We commend the spirit of our young friend Gihon, in getting up this costly and splendid affair, and bespeak for him a generous patronage from the subscribers to the Bible.—*Saturday Courier.*

HARPER'S ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.—Mr. David W. Gihon, bookbinder, No. 98 Chestnut Street, has shown us a magnificent copy of Harper's Pictorial Bible of his binding. The covers are most richly embellished in gold with appropriate designs.—*Spirit of the Times.*

HARPER'S BIBLE—*Elegant Binding.*—We were shown yesterday, a copy of Harper's Illustrated and Pictorial Bible, bound in a magnificent style, by Mr. D. W. Gihon, No. 98 Chestnut Street. It is a specimen of what Mr. Gihon can do in the way of elegant binding, and it is a substantial and beautiful piece of workmanship. Those who have copies of Harper's Bible and who wish them bound in a manner corresponding in richness with this elegant edition of the Holy Scriptures, should call upon Mr. Gihon and examine his work.—*Daily Chronicle.*

HARPER'S BIBLE.—Mr. David W. Gihon, No. 98 Chestnut street, has caused to be prepared a superior set of ornamental dies for stamping the covers of Harper's Bible. We saw a copy yesterday, bound in a very superior manner, and the effect of the ornaments was neat and tasteful.—*U. S. Gazette.*

SPLENDID BINDING.—We have seen Harper's Illustrated and Illuminated Bible, bound by Mr. David W. Gihon, No. 98 Chestnut street. The Bible is now completed, and as there are thousands desirous of having it bound in a style corresponding with the elegance of the internal letter press and illuminations, we most cordially commend Mr. Gihon to their patronage, fully convinced that he will do full justice to the undertaking.—*Neal's Sat. Gazette.*

BEAUTIFUL WORK.—We mentioned, some weeks since, that Mr. David W. Gihon, Bookbinder, No. 98 Chestnut street, had prepared an *elegant side plate*, consisting of a number of suitable illustrations, for binding *Harper's Pictorial Bible.* We have since had the pleasure of examining a copy of that work bound by him, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it one of the most beautiful and appropriate specimens of bookbinding we have ever seen. We advise every person having the work in numbers to call and see this chaste piece of work, and also the elegant assortment of fine leather which Mr. Gihon has on hand. We feel assured that they will at once conclude to have the book bound by him.—*Sat. Evening Post.*

☞ As inducements to subscribers, Mr. Gihon will bind Harper's Bible, in *Calf or Turkey Morocco, with Gilt Backs, Gilt Edges, and richly stamped Sides*, (being the style [illegible] to all the above notices) for the EXCEEDINGLY LOW PRICE OF SIX DOLLARS [illegible] persons club together and send the [illegible] will bind FIVE FOR TWENTY- [illegible]

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CANCER.—AN INTERESTING CASE CURED BY DR. D. JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE.—In the Spring of 1831, a Cancerous tumor appeared in the right breast of Mrs Phebe, wife of Peter Stretch, of Salem, N. J. It was examined by many physicians, and was considered by all as cancerous, and besides bore all the characteristic marks of one. All probable means of removing were used without the slightest benefit. It continued to increase both in size and painfulness, until all hope of saving her life, but by a painful operation, was abandoned, which, after a consultation of eminent physicians, was performed, Jan. 1st, 1834 by Dr. John Rhea Barton, assisted by Dr. Redman, the proprietor, and two other medical gentlemen. The whole and entire right breast was removed, and after examination of the tumor, was pronounced by all present a Cancer of the most malignant character. In about three months, after enduring incredible sufferings, she was enabled, though broken in spirit, to get about again. She remained feeble and her general health was exceedingly bad, as indeed it had been for several years before. In the Spring of 1837, upwards of five years after her breast had been removed, a painful tumor made its appearance on the side side, immediately over the part formerly occupied by the nipple of the right breast, previous to its removal. This tumor steadily increased, for several months, and became so painful as to deprive her of rest. The glands under the right arm were enlarged; and Scirrhus, and a hard, irregular, and at times painful tumor, appeared in the left breast. No operation could now arrest the disease. Indeed her whole body appeared to be a mass of disease. Her case was considered hopeless. She was of a very Scrofulous habit, both of her parents having died of Pulmonary Consumption. The experiment was now made with this ALTERATIVE. It was at first given in small doses, three times a day, and the doses very gradually, but steadily increased daily, as long as she took it, which was about six months, and the skin over and around the tumor was wet night and morning with a strong solution of Iodine and Hydriodate Potash. The tumor continued increasing in size for about six weeks, and was at times very painful, when the pain suddenly ceased altogether, and the tumor swelled out at the base, and became soft, and then began to diminish, and continued gradually decreasing until every vestige of disease was removed. The tumor in her left breast, and those in the right axilla were also dispersed. No Cancerous or Scrofulous tumors ever appeared afterwards, and her general health, which had been so bad for fourteen years as to make life a burthen, was effectually and permanently restored.—The proprietor is in possession of the diseased breast, and those who choose may examine it. He would also say that he could mention over a dozen cases equally interesting, wherein his ALTERATIVE has subdued Cancer and Cancerous tumors, as well as immense numbers of Goitres or Bronchocele. Prepared and for sale by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 8 South 3d St. Philada. sep 12 tf

"DONT GIVE UP THE SHIP."
PHILADELPHIA, July 27, 1846.

TO THE PUBLIC.—I certify that before my remembrance I became afflicted with what the physicians called SCROFULA. It made its first appearance by pain and swelling of my joints—more especially of my ankles, knees, wrists and elbows, after which the glands of my throat and neck became inflamed and swolled attended with most excruciating pains. I was often confined entirely to my bed, and for weeks together could not move my neck or turn my head. Several physicians attended upon me at different times, they did not appear to do me any good.

About a year ago I was attacked with vomiting, which continued every few minutes all one night. The next day an eruption appeared on the sides of my neck, which soon spread all over my neck, head and face, with inflammation of my eyes and eyelids, which destroyed my eye lashes, and caused the hair to fall from off my head; and soon the disease spread all over me; my limbs were one entire scab. I could not bend my arms or hands without causing the skin to crack open, when the blood would run out. Some of my finger nails came off. In short, I was unable to get my own living, and in this condition I was taken by Mrs David Stewart and Mrs. Elizabeth Doughty, of Spring Garden street, between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets, to DR. JAYNE, No. 8 South Third street, Philadelphia in order that he might undertake my case. He directed me to take his ALTERATIVE three times a day, according to the directions, and his SANATIVE PILLS as often as I should find necessary. I have now taken his Alterative four months, and am most happy to say that *it has entirely cured me.*

CAROLINE NEWBERRY,
aug8-tf No. 115 North Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

LATEST NEWS FROM HARRISBURG.
HARRISBURG, Pa., July 15, 1846.

DR. D. JAYNE:—Dear Sir:—Mr. John Seilis, residing on the Cumberland side of the river, directly opposite this place, called on me a few days since, and stated that his wife was cured of a very severe cough, which she had been troubled with for a long time, by the use of your "EXPECTORANT." Before she commenced using it, she had become so weakened and reduced as to be obliged to keep her bed with every appearance of having deep-seated CONSUMPTION, and he had very little hopes of her recovery, especially on the night before she commenced using the Expectorant. Her cough was so tight and severe that he did not think she *could live till morning*, and three bottles, which he procured from me, restored her to perfect health. He wishes me to communicate these facts to you.

Respectfully, yours, MARTIN LUTZ.

N. B.—Your "Carminative Balsam" answers admirably the purpose for which it is intended, and is quite in demand. M. L.

Prepared only at No. 8 S. THIRD St. aug 8 tf

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The public may rest assured of getting an article at our store which they can depend upon, having first rate locks of our own manufacture with D. Evans' Patent Covers over the keyhole, similar to the one exhibited at the Philadelphia Exchange, for three months in the Summer of 1842, and all the keys were at liberty to be used—the Chest was not opened at the time, and at least 1500 persons tried the experiment. And have never yet been robbed, though often tried.

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N. B. We take all second hand Chests in exchange, and always have some on hand for sale very cheap of that kind.

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dec 27-ly EVANS & WATSON.

Original Poetry.

AUTUMN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. McNUTT.

Lo, he comes on vapors tossing,
Rising from his hidden cave,
When September's sunlight pouring
Falls in gold on leaf and wave.
Clothed in dim fantastic shadows,
Child of the departing year,
Slowly o'er the silent meadows
Rises Autumn sad and sere.

Summer trembles at his coming,
For his breathings blast her bloom;
And Æolus' children roaming,
Wail the dirge o'er Flora's tomb.
Mournful on the shady mountains,
Droops the pride of summer hours;
And the song of silvery fountains,
Swells no more through vernal bowers.

For his flashing fire-eye glancing,
Nature's dying beauty mocks;
While the wavy moonbeams dancing,
Play among his golden locks.
O'er the blooming sunlit valleys
Forth he breathes and all is pale—
Wandering round the cot and palace
Sighs the sullen sounding gale.

Long the mists of morning linger
On the lea and in the dell;
And Decay's destroying finger
Points where Summer's lilies fell;
But the noon-day tempest robing,
Often thunders forth amain;
And the broad brown torrents gushing,
Wildly sweep along the plain.

When again the sunbeams quiver
Upon yellow leaf and lea,
Fay and fairy foot the river
In their parting Autumn glee.
Lightly o'er the sullen waters,
Where the Summer murmurs sleep,
Trip the silver-footed daughters
Of the fountain and the deep.

Dipt in hues of Heaven's dyeing,
Waves the forest's mantle wide;
And the evening zephyrs sighing,
Sing their requiem on the tide.
For with Summer's smile and flowers
Vocal lyre and song have gone,
Where the lime and orange bowers
Bloom in islands of the sun.

Slow and solemn through the wildwood,
Midst the falling leaves we stroll,
While the memories of childhood
Rush in sadness on the soul.
There the fading bloom reminds us
How the joys that once were ours,
And the garlands hope entwined us,
Fell like leaves in Autumn's bowers.

Delaware College, Newark

Pictures of Life.

DOMBEY AND SON.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

the door with a key she took out of her bonnet, she pushed the child before her into a back room, where there was a great heap of rags of different colors lying on the floor; a heap of bones, and a heap of sifted dust or cinders; but there was no furniture at all, and the walls and ceiling were quite black.

The child became so terrified that she was stricken speechless, and looked as though about to swoon.

"Now don't be a young mule," said Good Mrs. Brown, reviving her with a shake. "I'm not a going to hurt you. Sit upon the rags."

Florence obeyed her, holding out her folded hands in mute supplication.

"I'm not a going to keep you, even, above an hour," said Mrs. Brown. "D'ye understand what I say?"

The child answered with great difficulty, "Yes."

"Then," said Good Mrs. Brown, taking her own seat on the bones, "don't vex me. If you don't, I tell you I won't hurt you. But if you do, I'll kill you. I could have you killed at any time—even if you was in your own bed at home. Now let's know who you are, and what you are, and all about it."

The old woman's threats and promises; the dread of giving her offence; and the habit, unusual to a child, but almost natural to Florence now, of being quiet, and repressing what she felt and feared, and hoped; enabled her to do this bidding, and to tell her little history, or what she knew of it. Mrs. Brown listened attentively, until she had finished.

"So your name's Dombey, eh?" said Mrs. Brown.

"Yes, ma'am."

"I want that pretty frock, Miss Dombey," said Good Mrs. Brown, "and that little bonnet, and a petticoat or two, and anything else you can spare. Come! Take 'em off."

Florence obeyed, as fast as her trembling hands would allow; keeping, all the while, a frightened eye on Mrs. Brown. When she had divested herself of all the articles of apparel mentioned by that lady, Mrs. B. examined them at leisure, and seemed tolerably well satisfied with their quality and value.

"Humph!" she said, running her eyes over the child's slight figure. "I don't see anything else—except the shoes. I must have the shoes, Miss Dombey."

Poor little Florence took them off with equal alacrity, only too glad to have any more means of conciliation about her. The old woman then produced some wretched substitutes from the bottom of the heap of rags, which she turned up for that purpose, together with a girl's cloak, quite worn out and very old; and the crushed remains of a bonnet that had probably been picked up from some ditch or dunghill. In this dainty raiment, she instructed Florence to dress herself; and as such preparation seemed a prelude to her release, the child complied with increased readiness, if possible.

In hurriedly putting on the bonnet, if that may be called a bonnet which was more like a pad to carry loads on, she caught it in her hair which grew luxuriantly, and could not immediately disentangle it. Good Mrs. Brown whipped out a large pair of scissors, and fell into an unaccountable state of excitement.

"Why couldn't you let me be!" said Mrs. Brown, "when I was contented. You little fool!"

"I beg your pardon. I don't know what I have done," panted Florence. "I couldn't help it."

"Couldn't help it!" cried Mrs. Brown. "How do you expect I can help it? Why, Lord!" said the old woman, ruffling her curls with a furious pleasure, "any body but me would have had 'em off first of all."

Florence was so relieved to find that it was only her hair and not her head which Mrs. Brown coveted, that she offered no resistance or entreaty, and merely raised her mild eyes toward the face of that good soul.

"If I hadn't once had a gal of my own—beyond seas now—that was proud of her hair," said Mrs. Brown, "I'd have had every lock of it. She's far away, she's far away! Oho! Oho!"

Mrs. Brown's was not a melodious cry, but, accompanied with a wild tossing up of her lean arms, it was full of passionate grief, and thrilled to the heart of Florence, whom it frightened more than ever. It had its part, perhaps, in saving her curls; for Mrs. Brown, after hovering about her with the scissors for some moments, like a new kind of butterfly, bade her hide them under the bonnet and let no trace of them escape to tempt her. *Having accomplished* this victory over herself, Mrs. Brown resumed her seat on the bones, and smoked a very short black pipe, mowing and mumbling all the time, as if she were eating the stem.

When the pipe was smoked out, she gave the child a rabbit-skin to carry, that she might appear the more like her ordinary companion, and told her that she was now going to lead her to a public street whence she could inquire her way to her friends. But she cautioned her, with threats of summary vengeance, in case of disobedience, not to talk to strangers, nor to repair to her own home, (which may have been too near for Mrs. Brown's convenience,) but to her father's office in the city; also to wait at the street corner where she would be left, until the clocks struck three. These directions Mrs. Brown enforced with assurances that there would be potent eyes and ears in her employment cognizant of all she did; and these directions Florence promised faithfully and earnestly to observe.

At length, Mrs. Brown, issuing forth, conducted her changed and ragged little friend through a labyrinth of narrow streets and lanes and alleys, which emerged, after a long time, upon a stable yard, with a gateway at the end, whence the roar of a great thoroughfare made itself audible. Pointing out this gateway, and informing Florence that when the clocks struck three she was to go to the left, Mrs. Brown, after making a parting grasp at her hair which seemed involuntary and quite beyond her own control, told her she knew what to do, and bade her go and do it; remembering that she was watched.

With a lighter heart, but still sore afraid, Florence felt herself released, and tripped off to the corner. When she reached it, she looked back and saw the head of Good Mrs. Brown peeping out of the low wooden passage, where she had issued her parting injunctions; likewise the fist of Good Mrs. Brown shaking toward her. But though she often looked back afterwards—every minute, at least, in her nervous recollection of the old woman—she could not see her again.

Florence remained there, looking at the bustle in the street, and more and more bewildered by it; and in the meanwhile the clocks appeared to have made up their minds never to strike three any more. At last the steeples rang out three o'clock; there was one close by, so she couldn't be mistaken; and—after often looking over her shoulder, and often going a little way, and as often coming back again, lest the all powerful spies of Mrs. Brown should take offence—she hurried off, as fast as she could in her slipshod shoes, holding the rabbit-skin tight in her hand.

All she knew of her father's offices was that they belonged to Dombey and Son, and that that was a great power belonging to the city. So she could only ask the way to Dombey and Son's in the city; and as she generally made the inquiry of children—being afraid to ask grown people—she got very little satisfaction indeed. But by dint of asking her way to the city after a while, and dropping the rest of her inquiry for the present, she really did advance, by slow degrees, toward the heart of that great region which is governed by the terrible Lord Mayor.

Tired of walking, repulsed and pushed about, stunned by the noise and confusion, anxious for her brother and the nurses, terrified by what she had undergone, and the prospect of encountering her angry father in such an altered state; perplexed and frightened alike, by what had passed, and what was passing, and what was yet before her; Florence went upon her weary way with tearful eyes, and once or twice could not help stopping to ease her bursting heart by crying bitterly. But few people noticed her at those times, in the garb she wore; or if they did, believed that she was tutored to excite compassion, and passed on. Florence, too, called to her aid all the firmness and self-reliance of a character that her sad experience had prematurely formed and tried; and keeping the end she had in view, steadily before her, steadily pursued it.

It was full two hours later in the afternoon than when she had started on this strange adventure, when, escaping from the clash and clangor of a narrow street full of carts and wagons, she peeped into a kind of wharf or landing-place upon the river side, where there were a great many packages, casks and boxes, strewn about; a large pair of wooden scales; and a little wooden house on wheels, outside of which, looking at the neighboring masts and boats, a stout man stood whistling, with his pen behind his ear, and his hands in his pockets, as if his day's work were nearly done.

"Now then!" said this man, happening to turn round. "We haven't got any thing for you, little girl. Be off!"

"If you please, is this the city?" asked the trembling daughter of the Dombeys.

"Ah! it's the city. You know that well enough, I dare say. Be off! We haven't got anything for you."

"I don't want anything thank you," was the timid answer. "Except to know the way to Dombey and Son's."

The man who had been strolling carelessly toward her, seemed surprised by this reply, and looking attentively in her face, rejoined:

"Why, what can you want with Dombey and Son's?"

"To know the way there, if you please."

The man looked at her yet more curiously, and rubbed the back of his head so hard in his wonderment that he knocked his own hat off.

"Joe!" he called to another man—a laborer—as he picked it up and put it on again.

"Joe it is!" said Joe.

"Where's that young spark of Dombey's who's been watching the shipment of them goods?"

"Just gone, by t'other gate," said Joe.

"Call him back a minute."

Joe ran up an archway, bawling as he went, and very soon returned with a blithe looking boy.

"You're Dombey's jockey, a'nt you?" said the first man.

"I'm in Dombey's House, Mr. Clark," returned the boy.

"Look'ye here, then," said Mr. Clark.

Obedient to the indication of Mr. Clark's hand, the boy approached toward Florence, wondering, as well he might, what he had to do with her. But she, who had heard what passed, and who, besides the relief of so suddenly considering herself safe and at her journey's end, felt re-assured beyond all measure by his lively youthful face and manner, ran eagerly up to him, leaving one of the slipshod shoes upon the ground, and caught his hand in both of hers.

"I am lost, if you please!" said Florence.

"Lost!" cried the boy.

"Yes, I was lost this morning, a long way from here—and I have had my clothes taken away, since—and I am not dressed in my own now—and my name is Florence Dombey, my little brother's only sister—and, oh dear, dear, take care of me, if you please!" sobbed Florence, giving full vent to the childish feelings she had so long suppressed, and bursting into tears. At the same time her miserable bonnet falling off, her hair came tumbling down about her face: moving to speechless admiration and commiseration young Walter, nephew of Solomon Gills, ships' instrument-maker in general.

Mr. Clark stood rapt in amazement: observing, under his breath, *I never saw such a start on this wharf before.* Walter picked up the shoe, and put it on the little foot as the prince in the story might have fitted Cinderella's slipper on. He hung the rabbit-skin over his left arm; gave the right to Florence; and felt, not to say like Richard Whittington—that is tame comparison—but like Saint George of England, with the dragon lying dead before him.

"Don't cry, Miss Dombey," said Walter, in a transport of enthusiasm. "What a wonderful thing for me that I am here. You are as safe now as if you were guarded by a whole boat's crew of picked men from a man-of-war. Oh, don't cry."

"I won't cry any more," said Florence. "I am only crying for joy."

"Crying for joy!" thought Walter, "and I'm the cause of it! Come along, Miss Dombey. There's the other shoe off now! Take mine, Miss Dombey."

"No, no, no," said Florence, checking him in the act of impetuously pulling off his own. "These do better. These do very well."

"Why, to be sure," said Walter, glancing at her foot, "mine are a mile too large. What am I thinking about! You never could walk in mine! Come along, Miss Dombey. Let me see the villain who will dare to molest you now."

So Walter, looking immensely fierce, led off Florence, looking very happy; and they went arm in arm along the streets, perfectly indifferent to any astonishment that their appearance might or did excite by the way.

It was growing dark and foggy, and beginning to rain too; but they cared nothing for this: being both wholly absorbed in the late adventures of Florence, which she related with the innocent good faith and confidence of her years, while Walter listened as if, far from the mud and grease of Thames street, they were rambling alone among the broad leaves and tall trees of some desert island in the tropics—as he very likely fancied, for the time, they were.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Choice Selections.

HABITS OF VARIOUS AUTHORS.

[The following is going the rounds of the papers, and therefore, must be true. We would advise our readers, however, to believe no more of it than they think probable.]

Homer, it is said, had such an aversion to natural music, that he could never be prevailed on to walk along the banks of a murmuring brook; nevertheless, he sang his own ballads, though not in a character of a mendicant, as recorded by Zoilus.

Virgil was so fond of salt, that he seldom went without a box full in his pocket, which he made use of from time to time, as men of the present day use tobacco.

Zoroaster, it is said, though the most profound philosopher of his time, theoretically, was very easily put out of temper. He once carried his irritability so far as to break a marble table to pieces with a hammer, because he chanced to stumble over it in the dark.

Shakspeare, though one of the most gorgeous of men, was a great higgler. He was often known to dispute with a shopkeeper for half an hour on a quarter of a penny. He gives Hotspur credit for a portion of his own disposition, when he makes him say, "I would cavil on the ninth part of a hair."

Peter Corneille, the greatest wit of his time, so far as concerns his works, was remarkably stupid in conversation, as was also Addison, who is acknowledged to have been one of the most elegant writers that ever lived.

Handel was such a miser, that at the very time he was in the receipt of fifty thousand pounds a night from the opera, he was frequently known to wear a shirt for a month, to save the expense of washing.

Samuel Rogers is an inveterate punster, albeit from his poetry, one might suppose him to be the gravest writer in Christendom. He has one peculiarity that distinguishes him from all poets, past, present and to come, i. e. three hundred thousand pounds.

Young wrote his "Night Thoughts" with a scull and a candle in it, before him. His own scull was luckily in the room, or very little aid would have been yielded by the other.

Dryden, it is said, was always cupped and physicked previous to a grand effort at tragedy.

Burns had a desk of forty divisions, through which his sonnets passed in succession, before they were published.

Milton used to sit leaning back obliquely in an easy chair, with his legs flung over the elbow of it. He frequently composed lying in bed in the morning; but when he could not sleep, and was awake whole nights, not one verse could he make; at other times his unpremeditated effusions were easy, with certain impetus and œstrum, as he himself used to believe. Then, whatever the hour, he rang for his daughter to commit them to paper. He would sometimes dictate forty lines in a breath and then reduce them to half that number. These may appear trifles; but such trifles assume a sort of greatness, when related of what is great.

Thuanus tells us, that Tasso was frequently seized with violent fits of distraction, which yet did not prevent him writing excellent verses. Lucretius, also, "running distracted by drinking a love potion, wrote some books during his lucid intervals."

THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE, AGAIN.

For once in my life I may say I have been lucky. You have heard of the Dead Letter Office in the Post Office Department? Yes, I know you visited it, and furnished to all the world—for I believe all the papers copied your article—a highly interesting account of it and its operations last winter. Well, I too have been in the dead-letter office, and, as good fortune would have it, happened there just in the right time. Zounds, what bags and piles of letters! Enough, one would think, to communicate all the intelligence—mercantile, commercial, and political—and all the love—rational, enthusiastic, and nonsensical—in this country for a whole year. And yet these are only the dead-letters for one-quarter of a year! No wonder it takes three faithful old gentlemen nearly all their time just to open them; and, if you saw them at work, you would readily grant that they are not slow hands at the business.

But come, let us go into Mr. O'Brien's room—the superintendent having charge of the valuable part of the concern, whom you have so justly complimented for his obliging and gentlemanly deportment. As before remarked, we are here just in right time, for he is about to overhaul a mass of things which have been accumulating here for years, in order to dispose of the worthless, and make room for future arrivals. Here he is now, busily engaged.

Well, if here isn't a pair of checkered pants nice, new, and clean; and there, in another bundle, are two pairs of gloves and eight pairs of stockings, all the way from Connecticut through the mail! No, not from Connecticut, but evidently from a long way off, for the direction is so much defaced that I cannot make it out. Who knows but these are clothes franked home by some economical member of Congress to be washed, which, in their return, have unfortunately wandered away into the dead-letter office? Nothing more likely; for, it is said, in years gone by, members have resorted to this plan to save themselves from being entirely fleeced by the boarding house washerwomen of the place.

And what have we here? A package of combs and razors, as I am alive! A very natural combination, to be sure; albeit the person addressed would have been pretty essentially *shaved* had he not refused the package—thus avoiding the payment of a heavy postage.

Murder! Here's a man's head! Poh, no it isn't either; it's only a wig. Postage one dollar and eight cents. Who'll take it?

And now we come to something valuable—no mistake. See! the bundle is sealed up with great care, and the postage twelve dollars and fifty cents. Let us open and examine. What a hoax! Nothing in the world but a dozen of old newspapers!

But here is something fine, for I can see the gilt through the wrapper, which has already been broken. Yes, two beautifully bound volumes—the one entitled "Common Prayer," and the other "Proper Lessons to be read at Morning and Evening Prayer." A present, as this little note, which reads "with love from your affectionate wife," plainly shows. Postage nine dollars.

And here are two volumes more, equally splendid; but they are "all Dutch" to me, for they are printed in German. These, too, are evidently presents. Let us see, though, if we can decipher the address. Oh, yes: one is from a faithful and the other from an affectionate daughter to their dear mother. Now, this looks well. These children love their mother, and are kind to her. What a pity she could not have received these handsome tokens of their affections. But the postage, (thirteen dollars twelve-and-a-half cents,) it may be, prevented it.

Nor is this all in the book line. On my word, look at the number of volumes in those pigeon holes! And see, too, what piles of music! Why "Uncle Sam" has almost stock enough on hand—for it will never be called for here—to open a book and music store. Here are Bibles, annuals, and other books, bound in the richest style. "Wright's English Grammar," among the rest, appears in gilt and morocco; here is "Sears's Pictorial Illustrations of the Bible;" and there is a neat little volume entitled "Endemic Influence of Evil Government." And what is this? Here is a small package never opened, resembling a book, and a book it is: a duodecimo, done up in red morocco. "Washington's Valedictory Address" is the title of this little volume, on the front leaf of which is written "Daniel Cobb, Jr., Portland, 1818." But enough of books.

What next? A pair of Indian moccasins, postage $2.50. Two silver watches—whose are they? A box of straw braid for bonnets, postage ten times its value. A closely sealed bundle of Quito newspapers; burn them. Tailor's plates of the "*latest fashions,*" four years old; give them to the children. Five or six enormous deeds, beautifully executed on parchment, from old England; and dry goods in any quantity.

But stop: here is another package, securely sealed up; that also looks like a book. Remove the wrapper and see. Yes, "Campbell's Poems;" and what else, think you? A miniature, set in a gold locket; the leaves of the book being cut exactly in a form to receive it, thus leaving it embedded in the volume as snugly as the toad in the granite. It is addressed to a lady, care of postmaster, N. York.

And what's here? Another bundle never opened, and marked "refused;" postage two dollars and seventy-five cents. Oh, meanness! An old dirty stocking, done up and addressed to some one, no doubt, with the vain expectation of satisfying a longing desire for petty revenge. Puppy! you have entirely failed this time; try again.

Hallo! Here's a theatrical robe, all trimmed off with "glittering gold and diamonds." Let's try it on.

Well, now, if this isn't the last thing to send by mail: a pair of stout iron bits. Wonder if they were intended for the reins of Government!

But what have we come to here? A manuscript pamphlet of one hundred pages and over, the postage on which is $4.25. "Scrapiada Poetica, or Pieces Sentimental and Satirical, hastily composed on board a man-of-war, by ———, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." So says the author. But let us look inside. Ah, "Old Ironsides" is the man-of-war on which our poet tunes his harp; he should not, therefore, write otherwise than well, that is certain.

And now let us take leave of the dead-letter office and its cabinet of curiosities. You have already seen and informed your readers of the contents of the iron chest, in which are deposited the money as it comes to hand, the watch-chains, bracelets, breastpins, finger-rings, almost innumerable, necklaces, pencil-cases, gold lockets, rosaries, and various other things "too numerous to particularize."

The good money and other valuable articles, where they exceed a dollar's worth, are, as your readers already know, returned to their owners, if rightful owners can be found; and found they will be by Mr O'Brien if any man living can do it: rest assured of that.

There are, however, several thousand dollars on hand, or deposited in bank, which from time to time have accumulated, and for which no owners can be ascertained. The average amount of genuine money received is somewhere from $50 to $60 a day the year round. And, my!—what lots of counterfeit bills! suffered by their worthy proprietors to go to the dead-letter office, lest, in calling for them, they might be detected and locked up in a strange box themselves.—*Portland Argus.*

Selected Articles.

MESMERIC INFLUENCE.

Glanville, in his rare and curious work upon witches and apparitions, has a passage which reflects somewhat upon the subject of Mesmerism, as it is known in our times, and shows that it was not wholly unknown in his. He says:—"So that I am apt to think there may be a power of real fascination in the witche's eyes and imagination, by which for the most part, she acts upon tender bodies, *Nescio quis teneros oculus.* For the pestilential spirits being darted by a spiteful and vigorous imagination from the eye, and meeting with those that are weak and passive in the bodies which they enter, will not fail to infect them with a noxious quality that makes dangerous and strange alterations in the person invaded by this poisonous influence, which way of acting by subtle and invisible instruments is ordinary and familiar in all natural efficiencies. And it is now past question, that Nature for the most part, acts by subtile streams and apoyrhœa's of minute particles which pass from one body to another. This kind of agency is as conceivable as any of those qualities ignorance hath called sympathy and antipathy, the reality of which, we doubt not, though the manner of action be unknown. Yea, the thing I speak of is as easy to be apprehended as how infection should pass in certain tenuious streams through the air from one house to another. Yea, some kinds of fascination are performed in this grosser and more sensible way, as by striking, giving apples and the like, by which the contagious quality may be transmitted, as we see diseases often are, by the touch. Now, in this way of conjecture, a good account may be given why witches are most powerful upon children and timorous persons, viz: because their spirits and imaginations being weak and passive, are not able to resist the fatal invasion, whereas men of bold minds, who have plenty of strong and vigorous spirits, are secure from the contagion," &c.

A WHITE CRAVAT MAKES A MINISTER.

A few evenings since, a Yankee was travelling to this city on the Bardstown road in company with a Minister of the Gospel. They had two toll-gates to pass. When they arrived at the first, the minister remarked to the toll man:

"I suppose you pass a Minister of the Gospel free."

The gate keeper answered: "Certainly, if you can satisfy me you are a minister."

The minister thought this too much trouble for a half dime, and paid it and jogged on. When they came in sight of the last gate, the Yankee thought he would try his luck. He folded a white cravat and put it about his neck, to give him a ministerial appearance, and then advanced a little ahead of the minister. When he reached the gate, he said to the toll-man:

"I suppose you pass Ministers of the Gospel free."

"Oh! yes sir, pass on."

The minister paid his toll without trying to pass free. He now, without doubt, feels satisfied that a white cravat is a better passport than his word.—*Exchange Paper.*

Grand Mistake.—People make the most absurd blunders, in citing eminent examples for their follies and vices. Mr. James Juniper drinks gin with the plea that Lord Byron drank it, and really seems to think that since he drinks gin, the only difference between him and the author of Don Juan is removed. Another gets drunk like Addison, entirely forgetting to resemble him in any other particular. A third, like Napoleon, gets divorced, and there the likeness ends. The diamond may have a speck, but specks do not make diamonds; and drinking gin, though it may destroy, will never make a genius.

A Sweet Poem.

THE FIRST GREY HAIR.

Time's hand is even there, sweet Kate,
Yet let the sign remain;
It gives me no regretful throb,
Nor should it yield thee pain.
'Tis very white, I grant thee, Kate,
Yet pluck it not, I pray,
Why should thy loving heart regret
That I am turning grey?

Four lustres, Kate, have ta'en their flight
Since thou and I first met;
And darkened moons have sped since then,
And murky suns have set.
Yet light from that warm heart of thine
Has been around my way,
And with so dear a guide and friend
I would again turn grey.

The wife may view with unconcern
Time's signet on the brow,
Who never gave the wearer's heart
A single throb of woe.
And if angelic worth, sweet Kate,
Might keep the curl at bay,
Time ne'er had placed in triumph there,
His banneret of grey.

Then let the stranger live, sweet Kate,
Amid its neighbors dark,
Until they, too, in time shall pale
Beneath the spoiler's mark.
'Tis very white, I grant thee, Kate,
Yet pluck it not, I pray;
Why should thy loving heart regret
That I am turning grey?

Salmagundi.

BOLD ADVENTURE AND NARROW ESCAPE.

FROM THE PITTSBURG AMERICAN.

We have frequent accounts through the newspapers by the means of which now a days we learn almost everything, of hair breadth escapes from death and danger, which daily teach us the slenderness of that thread by which we hold our lease of life. We know of none, however, more perilous than the following, which occurred in this county a few days ago, the particulars of which have been fully detailed to us, and which we have reduced less to order than to writing as follows:

Mr Didimus Jones, a young man who has a residence in Wilkins township, on Thursday afternoon last, in going from one farm house to another, passed through a large field belonging to Abraham Horbach, Esq., in which some cattle of that gentleman's were at pasture. Among them was a fine full-blooded bull, which, immediately upon the approach of Jones, left the herd, and approached with evident signs of hostility. Jones, who is described as a bold, reckless being, more apt to court than to shun danger, determined at once upon sport. Accordingly the hostile demonstrations of the animal were met in a corresponding spirit, and by flourishing his hat and other acts of defiance, he endeavored to inflame the passions of the beast. Fearing not fully to succeed by this, he filled his pocket with stones, which he let fly on every favorable occasion, until the animal became roused to the utmost fury, but his wary antagonist kept him at bay, by running in a circle, inclining nevertheless, for fear of the worst, to the fence, which was still at some distance. The bull had now become perfectly furious from rage and disappointment, and throwing the froth from his mouth, pursued his too confident intruder with a maddening violence, which caused the other to call forth resources of cunning, strength and courage that he had little dreamed in the earlier part of his frolic, the occasion would have demanded. He had found it necessary to reduce the diameter of his circles, for the bull he found showed the mettle of his pasture—was an over-match for him in speed, and, he began to fear, in wind also. He conceited, too, that the circular motion was beginning to affect his head. He had lightened his pockets of the stones he had gathered, and warming with the exercise, he succeeded in getting off his coat, which he threw behind him. Seeing the animal check as it fell on the route he was coming, and actually to stop as he came up to it, and Jones finding parts to play that were not in the bills, believed this accidental detention of his enemy gave him sufficient advantage to reach the fence, now broke off in a bee line for that barrier. But the infuriated animal was not long to be diverted from his purpose, and after giving but a single snuff of his nostrils, now thin and distended, to the decoy, rushed forward with a bound as he saw his victim, as he doubtless deemed him, moving in a line more favorable to his purposes as well as powers. At this moment, the foot of Jones slipped, and he fell and the enraged, perhaps exulting animal, with tail extended and eyes glaring with fury through the foam with which his whole face was covered, and his neck bowed so that his nose all but swept the ground, came rushing to a certain victory.

The young man had just time and no more to recover himself. He had regained his feet and drew them together, when the bull bounded over the ditch or rather rivulet—some water from which caused Jones's mishap—with a frantic leap, and was already too near him to allow of any hope of escape to the fence. He had lost, however, none of his presence of mind, and boldly turning upon his pursuer, who had raised his head as he landed from his leap, threw himself upon the bull directly between his horns, at the same time inserting his two thumbs in the animal's nostrils, and with the remainder of his hands grasping him firmly by the skin of the lower jaw. The pain he was capable of inflicting by his strange position on the animal, caused it to bawl with agony, and his gripe was so firm he could not displace him. The furious beast now seemed tamed, or reduced to the necessity of begging quarter, and either from the pain he was suffering, or from exhaustion from his laborious exercise, he became quieted, and wandered or walked to the fence as if to offer a parley to his enemy. Reaching the fence, Jones, with a spring, threw himself upon it, and escaped to the opposite side, without the slightest attempt on the part of his late furious antagonist to molest him. He was here joined by a number of individuals who had witnessed the greater part of the adventure, and congratulated him upon his unlooked for escape.

SUBSTITUTE FOR MESMERISM.

[One of the surgeons of the Massachusetts Hospital, Dr. Bigelow, read a paper before the Boston Society for Medical Improvement, on the 9th ultimo, announcing a discovery of great interest. It is a method of mitigating pain in surgical operations by the inhalation of certain ethers. Dr. Morton, of Boston, first called his attention to it; and though a similar process does not appear to have been entirely unknown to the medical faculty in former times, yet nothing like certainty was obtained in the results of the old methods. A great many experiments have been made with the new, however, in all of which, the attempts to perform important operations without inflicting pain on the patients were completely successful. Many of these are described in Dr. Bigelow's paper, of which the following are specimens:]

"A boy of sixteen, of medium stature and strength, was seated in the chair. The first few inhalations occasioned a quick cough, which afterwards subsided. At the end of eight minutes the head fell back, and the arms dropped; but, owing to some resistance in opening the mouth, the tooth could not be reached before he awoke. He again inhaled for two minutes, and slept three minutes, during which time the tooth, an inferior molar, was extracted. At the moment of extraction the features assumed an expression of pain, and the hand was raised. Upon coming to himself he said he had had a 'first rate dream—very quiet, and had dreamed of Napoleon; had not the slightest consciousness of pain; the time seemed long;' and he left the chair feeling no uneasiness of any kind, and evidently in a high state of admiration. The pupils were dilated during the state of unconsciousness, and the pulse rose from 130 to 142.

"A girl of sixteen immediately occupied the chair. After coughing a little, she inhaled during three minutes and fell asleep when a molar tooth was extracted; after which she continued to slumber tranquilly during three minutes more. At the moment when force was applied she flinched and frowned, raised her hand to her mouth, but said she had been dreaming a pleasant dream, and knew nothing of the operation.

"A stout boy of twelve, at the first inspiration coughed considerably, and required a good deal of encouragement to induce him to go on. At the end of three minutes from the first fair inhalation the muscles were relaxed and the pupil dilated. During the attempt to force open the mouth he recovered his consciousness, and again inhaled during two minutes, and in the ensuing one minute two teeth were extracted, the patient seeming somewhat conscious; but, upon actually awaking, he declared 'it was the best fun he ever saw,' avowed his intention to come there again, and insisted upon having another tooth extracted upon the spot. A splinter which had been left afforded an opportunity of complying with his wish, but the pain proved to be considerable. Pulse at first 110, during sleep 96, afterwards 144; pupils dilated.

"The next patient was a healthy looking middle-aged woman, who inhaled the vapor for four minutes; in the course of the next two minutes a back tooth was extracted, and the patient continued smiling in her sleep for three minutes more. Pulse 120; not affected at the moment of the operation, but smaller during sleep. Upon coming to herself, she exclaimed that 'it was beautiful—she dreamed of being at home—it seemed as if she had been gone a month.'

These cases, which occurred successively in about an hour, at the room of Dr. Morton, are fair examples of the average results produced by the inhalation of the vapor, and will convey an idea of the feelings and expressions of many of the patients subjected to the process. Dr. Morton states that in upwards of two hundred patients, similar effects have been produced. The inhalation, after the first irritation has subsided, is easy, and produces a complete unconsciousness at the expiration of a period varying from two to five or six, sometimes eight minutes; during which the patient is completely insensible to the ordinary tests of pain.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

How to Destroy Rats.—Corks, cut as thin as sixpences, roasted or stewed in grease, and placed in their tracks, or dried sponge in small pieces, fried or dipped in honey, with a little oil of rhodium, or bird lime laid in their haunts, will stick to their fur and cause their departure.

If a live rat be caught, and well rubbed or brushed over with tar and train oil, and afterwards allowed to escape in the holes of others, they will disappear.

Poisoning is a very dangerous and objectionable mode.

Bait for Rats.—Mix a paste of corn meal with raw eggs, which is the best bait for a wire-trap; they will all get in, if there is room.

To Drive Rats from your Premises.—Buy one pound of chloride of lime, and scatter it dry into every rat hole and place that they visit, in the cellar and other parts of the house, in and under the cellar-wall, and they will soon leave you. Don't put it on or very near any articles of family provisions.

To Mend Iron Pots.—To repair cracks, &c., in iron pots or pans, mix some finely-sifted lime with well-beaten whites of eggs, till reduced to a paste, then add some iron file dust, apply the composition to the injured part, and it will soon become hard and fit for use.

To Mend Cracked Stoves.—Cracks in stoves and stove pipes are readily closed by a paste made of ashes and salt with water. Iron turnings or filings, sal ammoniac, and water, make a harder and more durable cement.

To Soften Old, Hard Putty.—Put soap on the putty for a short time. Panes of glass may easily be removed, by the application of soft soap for a few hours, however hard the putty has become.

SPEAK NOT HARSHLY.

BY MISS JULIA A. FLETCHER.

Speak not harshly,—much of care
Every human heart must bear;
Enough of shadows sadly play
Around the very sunniest way;—
Enough of sorrows darkly lie,
Veiled within the merriest eye.
By thy childhood's gushing tears,—
By the grief of after years,—
By the anguish thou dost know,—
Add not to another's woe.

Speak not harshly,—much of sin
Dwelleth every heart within;
In its closely covered cells
Many a wayward passion dwells.
By the many hours mis-spent,—
By the gifts to error lent,—
By the wrong thou didst not shun,—
By the good thou hast not done,—
With a lenient spirit scan
The weakness of thy brother man!

Impudence.—A lady, rouged very highly, inquired of a gentleman, under the idea of indisposition, how he thought she looked. The latter replied, "I really cannot tell, madame, except you uncover your face."

Humorous Poem.

THE TERRIFIC LEGEND OF THE KILKENNY CATS.

O'Flyn, she was an Irishman, as very well was known,
And she lived down by Kilkenny, and she lived there all alone,
With only six great large tom-cats, as knew their ways about,
And every body else besides she scrup'lously shut out.
Oh very fond o' cats was she, (and whiskey too, 'tis said)
She didn't feed 'em very much, but she comb'd 'em well instead;
As may be guess'd the large tom-cats, they didn't get very sleek
Upon a combing once a day, and a "ha'p'orth" once a week.

Now, on one dreary winter's night, O'Flyn she went to bed,
The whiskey bottle under her arm, (the whiskey in her head)
The six great large tom-cats, they sat all in a dismal row,
And horribly glared their hungry eyes—their tails wagged to and fro;
At last one grim greymalkin spoke in accents dire to tell,
And dreadful were the words which in his awful whisper fell—
When all the other five tom-cats in answer loud did squall,
"Let's kill her—and let's eat her—body and bones and all!"
Oh horrible! Oh terrible! Oh deadly tale to tell!
When the sun shone in the window hole, and all there seem'd still and well,
The cats they sat and lick'd their paws all in a merry ring,
BUT NOTHING ELSE WITHIN THE PLACE LOOK'D LIKE A LIVING THING!
Anon they quarrell'd savagely, and spit, and swore and holler'd,
'Till at last these six great large tom cats, they one another swallow'd;
And nought but one long tail was left in that once peaceful dwelling
And a very tough one too it was—it's the same as I've been telling.

Fun and Frolic.

COMICALITIES.

"Give us only one trial," says the quack advertiser to invalids. "Step into my parlor only once," said the spider to the fly.

It is said that G. P. R. James, who writes with such rapidity, uses a quill taken from one of the "Wings of the Wind."

Several historians are endeavoring to settle the precise "age of chivalry."

A grocer advertises for sale, butter made from the "milk of human kindness."

The Sailor's Vow.—The Philadelphia Sun tells a story of an Irishman and a German, who, being at sea together during a storm, vowed each a purse of gold to the shrine of the Virgin. The generous Irishman complied with his promise as soon as he landed, and meeting with his more wary friend, he inquired if he had done the same.

"Nix," replied the German.

"And what do you think will become of you when you go to sea again?" asked Pat.

The German put the thumb of his right hand to his nose, and shaking the extended fingers in a peculiar way, said: "If te Wargin ketches me at sea again, I will give her leaf to plow te masts out of te ship."

"Putting it on Thick."—A house painter of our acquaintance has a son, a mere lad, who occasionally assisted him in his jobs. He used the brush dexterously, but unfortunately he had acquired the habit of "Putting it on a little too thick." The other day his father, after having frequently scolded him for his lavish daubing, and all to no purpose gave him a severe flagelation. "There, you young rascal," said he, after performing the painful duty, "how do you like that?" "Well, I don't know, dad," whined the boy in reply, "but it seems to me, you put it on a darn'd sight thicker than I did."

Into Somebody.—A fashionable Jeremy Diddler not long since ordered a suit of clothes of a "crack" merchant-tailor in town. At the proper time he called and asked if they were done. "Done? No, sir!" replied the tailor; "how could you expect them to be made up unless you first secured me? You don't pay your debts, and I cannot afford to give you a suit of clothes." Our Diddler stared with comic tragic earnestness at the "Snip," then stepped back, and with a look and manner that are utterly indescribable, replied: "Well, that's bad; *for somebody's got to do it!*"

Severe Treatment.—A good lady, who had two children sick with the measles, wrote to a friend for the best remedy. The friend had first received a note from another lady, inquiring the way to make pickles. In the confusion, the lady who inquired about the pickles received the remedy for the measles, and the anxious mother of the sick children read with horror the following:

"Scald them three or four times in very hot vinegar, and sprinkle them well with salt, and in a few days they will be cured."

Coarse but Good.—"Tell me, will you Pete," said Sam Johnsing to Pete Gumbo, "wh-wh-wh-does de poet speaks ob, when him beautifully ses—

'*Her walks in beauty like a ting ob night!*'"

"Why him means a nigger gal, to be sure, Sam," said Pete; "if him meant a white gal, ob course he'd say, like a ting ob day."

"Den I understands de metamorphorsis ob de idea," said Sam.—*N. O. Pic.*

Progress of Refinement.—

"Get out of the way Old Dan Tucker,
You're too late to come to supper."

This popular song is changed, in the course of advancing refinement, so as to read—"Will the venerable Daniel Tucker, Esq., have the goodness to withdraw for a few minutes, as in consequence of his late arrival it will be wholly impossible for him to take his evening refreshment at the first table."

Second Marriage.—"Julia, my dear," said old Professor H———, the other day, to his young and pretty wife, "when I die you will be rich; but if you ever so far forget me as to marry again, I will come from the grave to your bridal couch, and put my cold hands upon you."

"Ah, do not fear my dear husband," replied she playfully, "*you will never live to see that.*"

"I am delighted to hear you say so, my love," said the old man abstractedly.

Professional Man.—"Ah! it is very lucky that you came to me in time. You see, ma'am, you have had inflammation of the bronchial tubes which, acting upon the flexor longues digitorum pedis, has occasioned an abrasion of the digrastricus or, as some call it, the leventer maxillæ inferioris; and which might have ended in confirmed delirium tremens, or even premature elephantiasis. However, I dare say," &c., &c., &c. Old lady gasps for breath!—*Punch.*

☞ A gentleman after having bought a pair of geese of a countryman at an extra price, asked the seller why he was so unwilling to dispose of one alone.

"Why sir," said he, "they have been constant companions five and twenty years, and I had not the heart to part them."

The Shingles.—"Doctor," said a wag to his medical advertiser one day, "isn't there such a disease as the *shingles*?"

"Yes to be sure," replied Galen.

"Then I have got it for certain," said the patient, "for the *roof* of my mouth is broken out in a dozen places."

A Wise Priest.—A German priest walking in procession at the head of his parishioners over cultivated fields in order to procure a blessing upon the crops, when he came to one of unpromising appearance, would pass on, saying, "here prayers and singing will avail nothing; this must have manure."

Repartee.—"If I were so unlucky," said an officer, "as to have a stupid son, I would certainly, by all means, make him a parson." A clergyman who was in his company, replied "You think differently, sir, from your father."

☞ The Plymouth Rock says—"It is thought that the scarcity of mackerel on the coast this year is occasioned by the great number of ladies practising sea bathing, in red flannels. Mackerel are a very shy, modest fish."

Scrupulous.—An apothecary replied the other day, to a gentleman inviting him to take a glass of cider at the dinner-table, "that he must be excused, as his *scruples* interfered with his *drams*."

How to Weigh a Pound of Butter.—A Pedlar in the Highlands of Scotland, having run short of butter, applied to a farmer's wife for a supply. "How much do you want?" said the woman. "One pun' will do," said the pedlar. "I cannot make you a pun' weight," replied the woman, "I have na a pun' weight." "Well, what hae you?" said the pedlar. "Twa pun'," said the woman. "And which is the weight?" said the man. "Oh! it's jist the tangs," (the tongs.) "Well," said he, "put ane leg in the scale and tither oot, and that'll be a pun'." The woman did as requested, but, when it was weighed, she looked doubtfully at the butter, and said "It looks a beeg pun'." "Oh! its all right, woman," said the pedlar, "how much is it?" "A saxpence," was the reply, which the pedlar paid and departed rather hastily, lest the woman should discover that "ane leg in and the ane leg oot" was not the exact way of weighing a pound of butter.

Culinary Department

RECEIPTS.

Kisses.—Beat the whites of four small eggs to a high firm froth, then stir into it half a pound of ground or finely powdered white sugar; flavor with essence of lemon or rose.

Continue to beat until very light; this being done, lay the mixture in heaps on letter paper, in the size and shape of half an egg, and at least the distance of an inch apart.

Then place the paper containing them on a piece of wood, half an inch thick, and put them into a hot oven; watch them, and as soon as they begin to look yellowish, take them out; take the paper from the wood to a table, and let them cool for three or four minutes. Then slip a thin bladed knife under one very carefully, turn it into your left hand, then take another from the paper in the same manner, and join the two together by the sides that were next the paper; then lay the kiss thus made on a dish; so continue until all is used; handle them gently whilst making.

These are delicious eating, the outside being hard, and the inside a rich, creamy moisture; and present a beautiful appearance.

Following this receipt for making kisses, will insure success, unsurpassed by any professed confectioner, and that too without the least difficulty; after the mixture is prepared, the time required for finishing is short.

By placing the paper containing the kisses on a baking tin instead of the board, the bottom will be dried as well as the upper surface, and thereby finish the kiss without joining two together; those made in this manner are not as delicious as the others, as they contain less of the moisture or cream; they however look very well—the upper surface may be made smoother by dipping a spoon handle or knife blade in water and passing it carefully over it; in this way they may be moulded to any shape you may prefer.

Icing for Cakes.—Beat the whites of two small eggs to a high froth; then add to them a quarter of a pound of white ground or powdered sugar; beat it well until it will lie in a heap; flavor with lemon or rose; this will frost the top of a common sized cake.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

ACROSTICAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 1, 5, 17, 7, 19, 18, 7, 5, 1, 2, is a County in Alabama.
My 2, 7, 19, 20, is a River in England.
My 3, 8, 3, 4, is a State in Arabia.
My 4, 5, 17, 12, 3, 3, is a Town in Illinois.
My 5, 18, 5, 1, is a Sea in Asia.
My 6, 3, 8, 10, is a City in Italy.
My 7, 19, 4, 8, 5, 18, 15, is a Peninsula in Europe.
My 8, 5, 14, 13, 18, is a Gulf in Asia.
My 9, 3, 11, 15, is a River in Virginia.
My 10, 9, 2, 3, is a City in Sweden.
My 11, 5, 7, 13, 8, 5, is a Range of Mountains in Africa.
My 12, 2, 11, 7, 19, is a Cape in Africa.
My 13, 1, 5, 20, 7, is an Island in the Baltic Sea.
My 14, 5, 8, 17, 6, is a Town in Belgium.
My 15, 5, 18, 13, is a Sea in Asia.
My 16, 9, 7, 16, 11, is a River in Denmark.
My 17, 11, 5, 1, is a Range of Mountains in Europe.
My 18, 3, 5, 20, 3, 15, 10, is a County in Virginia.
My 19, 13, 7, 5, 9, is one of the Orkney Islands.
My 20, 19, 6, 3, was an Emperor in ancient times.
My whole is the name of the author.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 15, 11, 10, 17, 6, 4, is part of a house.
My 8, 7, 7, 9, 8, is a celebrated actor.
My 3, 2, 1, 5, 6, is a piece of furniture.
My 17, 16, 12, 13, is a mean man.
My 1, 7, 3, 9, 14, 6, is a vessel.
My 12, 7, 10, 13, 15, 6, 10, is a plunderer.
My 10, 9, 2, 11, 8, 13, is a liquor.
My whole is a famous sea-fight. G. W.

CHARADE.

What force or strength cannot subdue,
I with a gentle touch can do;
And many in the street would stand
Were I not as a friend at hand.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A given piece of land exactly square which requires as many rods of fence to enclose it as there are acres enclosed, the number of acres is required?

CONUNDRUMS.

On which side of the church does the yew-tree grow?
What is an old woman in the middle of the sea like?
What is the difference between a chattering woman and a mirror?

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.
Deaf and Dumb Asylum.

ENIGMA.
Of a Future Destiny.

RIDDLE.
The Fool and his Money. The owner sold it to his friend—and made it "go" from his possession to the other's.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.
Horses 9, horned cattle 31, sheep 215.

CONUNDRUMS.
He deals in suits.
Pack of cards.
Two—outside and inside.

Agricultural.

MAKING PORK.

The first thing to be attained in making Pork is to raise to maturity pigs suitable for fattening. This operation is effected with much greater economy and skill by some farmers than others. We have studied the subject a little in the famous pork region of southern Ohio and Indiana. There, it is not uncommon to see several hundred swine feeding in a clover field, like so many sheep, and belong to one man. In winter, they live mostly on mast, getting a little corn when the range in the forest fails. When the hogs live on grass in summer, they are salted as regularly as sheep or cattle. On good fresh clover, water and a little salt, pigs will grow and do well. At the West, good farmers provide a field or two of oats, or oats and peas, into which their hogs are turned early, to give them a start before corn is ready to feed. In the dairy districts in this State, the same crops are grown, harvested, and the oats and peas ground and fed, with whey and buttermilk, to swine, for making pork. If the meal be mixed with boiled potatoes while boiling hot, so as to swell and partially cook it, before cold slops are added, the food is much improved. The true way, however, is to make meal of any kind into well cooked pudding, take this out of the kettle, boil the potatoes, throw away the water in which they were boiled, and then mix the pudding and potatoes together thoroughly. If one has no potatoes to spare for feeding, it is good economy to mix a little wheat bran or shorts with corn meal before cooking, as the latter, if fed alone, is rather too concentrated, or lacks bulk to give up to the lacteals (vessels that convey nutriment to the blood from the intestines) all the flesh and fat-forming elements in corn meal. There is often a very great waste of these elements in the ordinary process for adding both fat and lean meat to the carcass of an animal. The digestive organs should be comfortably filled with food easy of digestion, and not so rich as to leave an excess of nutritive matter to pass through the system, and add nothing to its weight or value.

[illegible]

—*Genesee Farmer.*

OVERGROWN WHEAT AND TENDER STRAW.

[illegible]

TO PRESERVE PEACH TREES.

[illegible]

The Olio.

[illegible]